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1812

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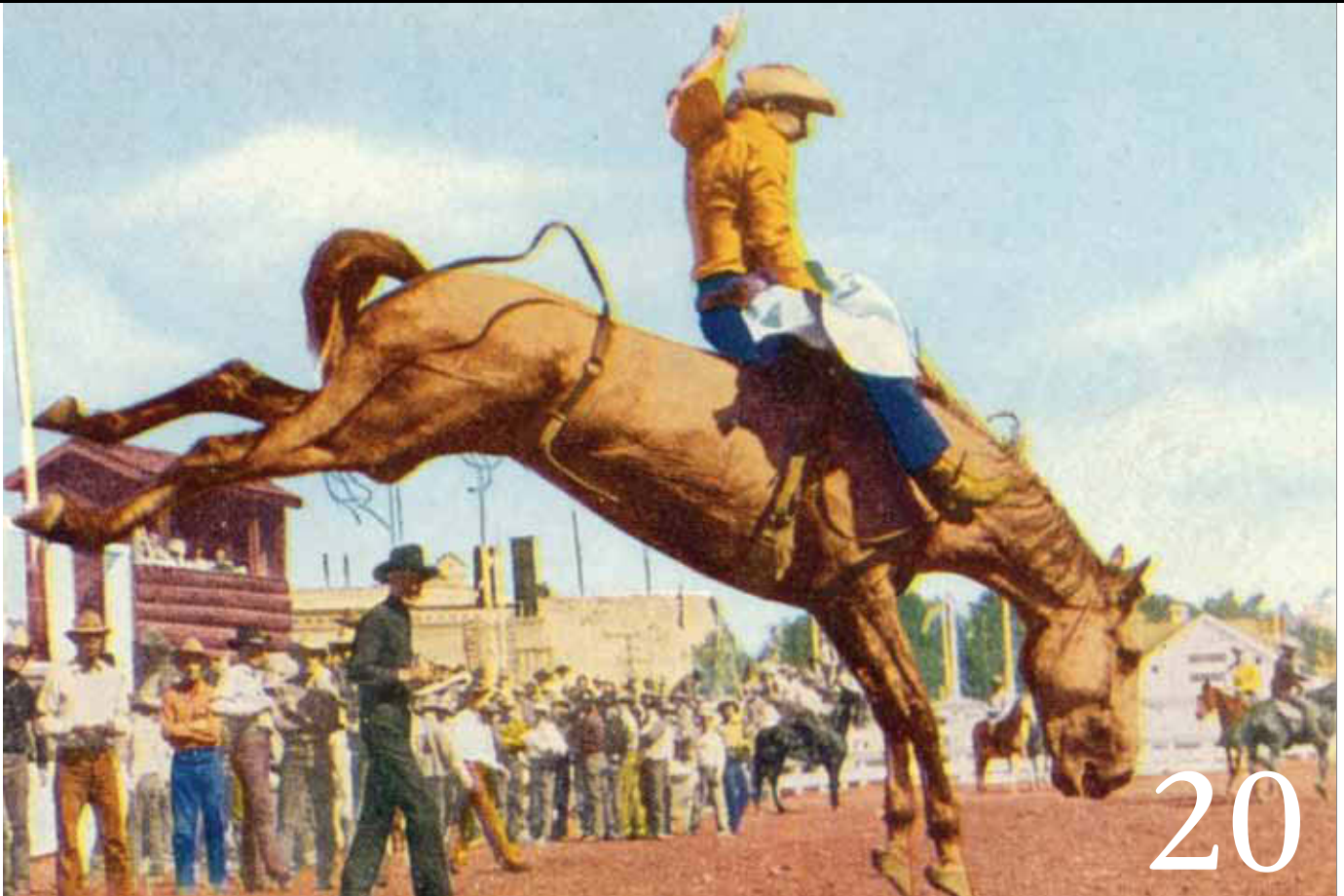


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CANADA



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Canada

Branded by history

Straw bales lining the streets, blue jeans in the boardroom. In Calgary, it can mean only one thing: It's Stampede time.

In this issue, Calgary writer Jill Foran brings us the story of "the Greatest Outdoor Show on Earth." It was a century ago that the Calgary Stampede was born. Foran's feature, "A Wild Ride," explains how Calgary officially became Cowtown — rodeo's mecca — and how today the cosmopolitan city of one million people has a love-hate relationship with its best-known export.

It seems everyone who has been to the Stampede has a story to tell.

When I moved to Calgary in the late 1990s, it was primarily to see the mountains. My goal was to learn to snowboard, get a crash course in cowboy culture, and then beat it back home to take up permanent residence in Halifax.

Shortly after starting my new job at the *Calgary Herald*, I was cornered by the assignment editor and asked whether I wanted to work a shift at "the Stampede bureau."

"The what?" I asked.

"Stampede bureau — you know, our office on the Stampede grounds."

The *Herald* has a Stampede bureau? That was news to me.

I soon discovered that working the Stampede was a rite of passage at the newspaper. The bureau was part of Weadickville, a recreated Calgary street circa 1912 located on the Stampede grounds and named after the event's founder, Guy Weadick.

Each morning, we reporters — wearing blue jeans and cowboy boots — sauntered into the bureau for our assignments. As I recall, my first story was to write 350 words on the Superdogs — a troupe of trick-jumping pooches.



MARSHALL HEID

It took only a couple of shifts for this Maritimer to learn the Tao of Stampede: it's "pardner," not "partner"; your hat is a Smithbilt, never a Stetson; and never wear a big cowboy belt buckle unless you earned it by busting an actual bronco.

Calgary has come a long way from its roots as a tent city along the Bow River. Its gleaming office towers reflect the oil and gas wealth that has made it one of Canada's fastest-growing cities. Back East, there's a temptation for the older power centres of Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto to snicker at the thought of oil tycoons in Wranglers and spurs.

As for me, although I no longer live in Calgary, this Maritimer-turned-Winnipegger has nothing but fond memories of both Cowtown and the Stampede: the cowboy crooning of the *Rodeo Riders* band; the artery-clogging "beef on a bun"; the inevitable July-in-Calgary hail-and-lightning storm that sends everyone stampeding for cover; and of course, the heart-stopping bull-riding competition, where glory is always just eight hard seconds away.

It's been said that Canada has too much geography and not enough history, but I disagree. There are plenty of stories — we simply need to do a better job of telling them.

Say what you will about the Stampede, but Calgarians embrace their heritage with a gusto that is too seldom seen in other parts of the country. We can all learn something from this enduring and endearing Old West extravaganza.

Mark Heid

Contributors



Jill Foran, who wrote "A Wild Ride," is a Calgary-based writer and the former editor of *Kayak: Canada's History Magazine* for

Kids. Researching her article about the inaugural Calgary Stampede brought back her own childhood Stampede memories, which include suffering heatstroke at the parade and getting terrifyingly lost on the fairground. She intends to stay well-hydrated at this year's Stampede.



Steve Turnbull, author of the article "Child Migrant," is a teacher in the Vancouver area. As a former museum curator and a past

president of the British Columbia Museums Association, he is strongly interested in B.C.'s history. Educated at Simon Fraser University, the University of Toronto, and the University of British Columbia, Turnbull has written for several B.C. publications. Reach him at: turnbull_s@sd36.bc.ca.



Peter Gorrie, author of "Boots on Frozen Ground," is a Toronto-based freelance writer and editor who specializes in newspaper and magazine features about

the environment and renewable energy. He spent four years in Yellowknife, where he worked as a newspaper editor and travelled in the Northwest Territories and Nunavut. A daylong stop at Dundas Harbour in the Eastern Arctic resulted in this issue's story about the RCMP post there.



Sarah Scott, author of "Face or Fiction," an article about Tecumseh and the War of 1812, is a journalist and editor

in Toronto. She has written for many of Canada's national newspapers and magazines, and has won a dozen national awards, including two silver medals at the National Magazine Awards. Sarah is also a board member of the Royal Ontario Museum's Institute for Contemporary Culture.

High praise



I just finished reading the issue “On a Mission” [February–March 2012]. It was wonderful. As I read about women’s rights, I thought about the United Church of Canada, which was formed in 1925 by Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches. In 1936, it ordained the first woman to the ministry. Her name was Lydia Gruchy.

In 1950, we called on the government to recognize Communist China. We said we could not ignore one fifth of the world’s population. When I saw the picture of Biafra, it reminded me that I was the minister of the United Church in the town of Stirling, Ontario, and of how the youth group walked eight miles through the town of Belleville to raise money for Biafra. Then, at the fall fair, we sold imitation paper hot dogs, to pin on yourself — all in the aid of Biafra. Thanks for the memories.

BRUCE SMALL
VIA EMAIL

Memorable moments

Congratulations on the February–March 2012 issue of *Canada’s History*. It is certainly a special collector’s issue. Now in my late nineties, I have lived through many of the events recorded and have enjoyed reading about them and about Canada’s contribution to the world.

R. GARTH WALKER
RICHMOND, BRITISH COLUMBIA

World view

My *Canada’s History* special edition [February–March 2012] arrived and I want you to know that I especially enjoyed the article that Tina Loo wrote, titled “We are the World.”

I am very interested in the history of Canada. Therefore, I enjoy *Canada’s History* magazine and I’m sharing it with many of my likewise-interested friends.

LINI RICHARDS GROL
BRAMPTON, ONTARIO

Forging friendships

The recent special issue “On a Mission” [February–March 2012] prompts my letter, particularly the photo of the two Canadian soldiers handing toys to

Dutch children in 1945.

My father, WO II Harry Williams, was the Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant of the Calgary Tank Regiment (formally, the King’s Own Calgary Regiment). Dad fought with the Calgarys through the regiment’s entire tough combat (Dieppe, Italy, and Holland) in World War II.

At the end of the war, the battle-hardened Calgary volunteers were kept in Holland as peace and civil authority was restored after the country’s liberation. The Calgarys returned to Canada in December 1945, parading down 8th Avenue to Mewata Armouries in the city’s centre. Huge crowds welcomed the regiment home. Dad enlisted with 220 of his buddies from the Stettler, Alberta, area, forming one of the regiment’s original three squadrons. Just eleven of those young men from Stettler remained with the regiment in December 1945.

During the months in Holland after the liberation, the Calgarys formed a very special bond with the Dutch. The tankers even put on a mini-Calgary Stampede during their time in Holland

to give the Dutch a taste of Western Canadian culture.

LLOYD WILLIAMS
CAMROSE, ALBERTA

Boyles’ Boys

I found the article “First Aid” by Desmond Morton [February–March 2012] very interesting.

My father, John Reid, served with the Yukon Motor Machine Gun Battery during World War I. He always referred to himself as one of “Joe Boyles’ Boys.” He was not one of the original group assembled and outfitted by Joe Boyle, as he joined the army in Calgary on November 23, 1915. Written in the upper-left-hand corner of his attestation papers is “Yukon MMB.” My father’s hat badge has a gold pan and nugget under the crossed machine guns.

EDITH NIELSEN
LONDON, ONTARIO

Improving access

As the Librarian and Archivist of Canada, I would like to provide some insight into Library and Archives Can-



GOVERNOR GENERAL'S HISTORY AWARD



Sarah Beech & Chad Howie

In their Seven Years War project, the everyday lives of Sarah Beech and Chad Howie's grade seven students are turned upside down when they are asked to distance themselves from their own identities and take on the persona of a soldier — French or English — who lived nearly 250 years ago. With their new identities, students immerse themselves in many different elements of the Seven Years War; interpreting different sources of information; researching and creating their own battle strategies; designing regimental flags; reenacting the Battle of the Plains of Abraham and considering alternative outcomes.

The project encourages them to think critically about the impact of war and to inquire about how one person can bring about change. By living history, students have the opportunity to delve deeper into the subject matter. Human qualities such as relationships, perspectives, and emotions, become more evident, affording students a better opportunity to consider the perspectives and biases of the individuals involved in these historical events. If differing perspectives are not viewed within history, then inevitably only a part of the story is being told.

The Governor General's History Awards recognize outstanding contributions to further Canadian knowledge and interest in history through classroom teaching, academic research, museums, community programming, and popular media. To nominate a teacher from your community, visit our website: canadahistory.ca/awards. The Governor General's History Awards are graciously supported by TD Bank.



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ada (LAC)'s direction.

LAC is today expanding services to meet the evolving expectations of Canadians, offering enhanced, modern access to its materials from coast to coast to coast. New digital service delivery mechanisms allow Canadians to discover, engage with, and share LAC's content when, where, and how they want it. Though in-person services are still being maintained, changes are necessary in light of how most people use information these days, and to responsibly allocate resources based on observable decreases and increases in demand.

Researchers now have the opportunity to register, order material, and make preparations with LAC in advance. Digitization of finding aids means records can be located without having to be on-site. LAC is also introducing reference by appointment and video conferencing tools like Skype. Clients can now book appointments with experts on-site in Ottawa, or interact via Skype or telephone. In short, LAC is now offering a more personalized service that is accessible to all Canadians.

With respect to archival "decentralization," LAC has always been and will continue to be part of a large cross-Canada network of public and private archives, collectively responsible for our documentary heritage. The idea of a "comprehensive" or "total" Canadian library and archives in a single location is a myth, as the country is far too diverse for one institution to play this role. The difference now is that LAC and its partners are working together in greater synergy than ever before.

While it is entirely true that LAC has two core programs (Legal Deposit and Government of Canada records) under the Library and Archives Canada Act, it is also mandated to acquire and preserve what is valuable to Canadian

society. As a result, LAC continues to acquire material from private donors. Just this year, LAC acquired close to eighty new fonds from private donors representing hundreds of items (such as Lynn Johnston's famous comic strip *For Better or For Worse*). For fiscal 2011–12, donor tax receipts issued by LAC will total approximately \$4 million.

That said, the manner in which we carry out our mandate is changing, given the evolution of technology, documentary production, and writing and reading habits. Our future work will be increasingly technology-driven and done in co-operation with the LAC partners that are Canada's memory institutions (some two thousand libraries and eight hundred archives).

With the recent creation of a formal, LAC-hosted Pan-Canadian Documentary Heritage Network, one can safely say that given the current digital environment, the country's historical record has perhaps never been in better hands than it is today.

DANIEL J. CARON, PH.D.
DEPUTY HEAD AND LIBRARIAN
AND ARCHIVIST OF CANADA

Erratum

In the February–March 2012 feature "First Aid," Italy was mistakenly identified during the editing process as one of the Central Powers in the First World War. We regret the error.

By way of clarification, an original illustration of the *Titanic* in the April–May 2012 issue was created after referencing several non-copyrighted interior and exterior drawings available on the Internet, including one created by Matthew Chapman, a Toronto artist. *Canada's History* magazine thanks Mr. Chapman for the use of his illustration for reference purposes.



THE ROYAL COLLECTION © 2011, HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II

Royal welcome

The Last Day of the Drought, 1881 (shown above) is one of two nineteenth-century paintings by a master Canadian artist that are returning to this country for display thanks to a special loan by Queen Elizabeth II. Homer Watson, born in 1855 in Doon, Ontario, was one of Canada's first

internationally recognized painters. This and another Watson painting — *The Pioneer Mill, 1880* — were acquired by Queen Victoria in the 1880s and are part of Windsor Castle's Royal Collection. A landscape painter, Watson was also the first president of the Royal Canadian

Academy and the first president of the Canadian Art Club. The two paintings, along with other works by Watson, will be on display at Homer Watson House & Gallery — the artist's former residence, studio, and art gallery in Kitchener, Ontario — until September 30.



PHOTO BY RYAN KESSLER

Wedded to history

Entitled *Lower Fort Garry*, this painting is one of many works that demonstrate visual artist Philip Hayes' passion for history. Over the past decade, Hayes has painted scenes related to the nineteenth century — the time when the Selkirk settlers immigrated to Manitoba from Scotland — and he recently donated one of his works to the Old Kildonan Presbyterian Church. Built in 1853–54 for the Selkirk settlers in what is now north Winnipeg, the stone church is a provincial heritage site and was also the location of Hayes' 2008 wedding. His latest show, *Every Picture Tells a Story*, presented some two dozen watercolour paintings and drawings as part of the Small Works Series at Winnipeg's McNally Robinson Booksellers. See more of Hayes' work at CanadasHistory.ca/PhilipHayes.



ART GALLERY OF ONTARIO

Picasso again

Visitors line up outside the Art Gallery of Toronto for the 1964 exhibition *Picasso and Man*. At the time it was one of the largest art exhibitions ever held in Canada — over one hundred thousand people viewed the show's five-week run. Since renamed the Art Gallery of Ontario and housed in a building recently expanded under the direction of Toronto-born architect Frank Gehry, the gallery is this summer hosting the major show *Picasso: Masterpieces from the Musée National Picasso, Paris* (until August 26). The AGO is also presenting *Look Again: Picasso and Man* (until September 30), the first of a series of exhibitions that will look back at the gallery's own history. For more about the *Look Again* show, visit CanadasHistory.ca/AGOPicasso.



KRAS ANDERSON

HIDDEN HERITAGE

Nine Mile Point Lighthouse

Simcoe Island, Ontario, designed by Thomas Rogers, 1833

Canada's oldest operating lighthouse on the Great Lakes still shines its warning beacon from the western tip of Lake Ontario's Simcoe Island. The Nine Mile Point Lighthouse was built in 1833 to guide ships safely into and out of Kingston harbour.

It was designed by architect Thomas Rogers, who was best known for his work on Kingston's St. George's Church. Rogers had earlier been commissioned to design and to supervise the construction of two other lighthouses on Lake Ontario — False

Ducks Island (1828) and Point Petre (1832) — and his 1833 lighthouse was similar in many respects.

Like its predecessors, the Nine Mile Point Lighthouse was to be "a round tower, nearly in the proportion of a Tuscan column." Constructed of locally quarried limestone, the masonry tower tapers slightly from bottom to top, where stone corbeling forms a flaring platform twelve metres from the ground. Access to the lighthouse is through an arched doorway at ground level. A series of small vertical windows serves to light the interior spiral staircase.

The tower was originally surmounted by a large, octagonal, iron-framed lantern that housed eleven whale oil Argand

lamps focused to a single beam by eleven parabolic reflectors. This was eventually replaced by an electric fixture, and the light today serves as an active aid to navigation for mariners on eastern Lake Ontario.

Nevertheless, the tower has been declared surplus by the Government of Canada. Even though the Nine Mile Point Lighthouse Preservation Society has nominated this historic landmark for designation under the Heritage Lighthouse Protection Act, its future is uncertain.

— Marc Seguin

Contributed by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See canada-architecture.org.

June 4

TAKE THE DAY OFF



To observe the ratification of peace between the British and First Nations in Nova Scotia on this date in 1726. Throw a feast.

June 11



To note the first earthquake in Canada recorded by Europeans, which occurred on this date in 1638 near Trois-Rivières, Quebec. Shake things up.

LAUGH LINES

Growing concerns

When grain growers in Western Canada first started shipping their grain to market, they were vulnerable to middlemen who over-charged them for shipping, milling, and marketing their crops. For years they struggled to obtain a fair price for their grain.

Soon after the First World War, some of the farmers in the three Prairie provinces decided that a co-operative system would offer strong economic advantages and provide them with greater control over their own destiny. They developed a plan to replace large for-profit corporations with farmer-owned provincial wheat pools that would jointly market their crops.

Three years after this cartoon was published, wheat pools were formally organized in Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. In 1935, Conservative Prime Minister R.B. Bennett established the Canadian Wheat Board to market the grain collected by the provincial pools. The present Conservative federal government voted to abolish the Wheat Board's control over grain marketing effective August 1.

— Charles Hou

Charles Hou is the author of several books about historical Canadian political cartoons.



Clearing the Right of Way

This cartoon by Arch Dale appeared in the January 12, 1921, edition of the *Grain Grower's Guide*.

OUR HOME & NATIVE

Canadarm



Canada's most famous contribution to space exploration made its debut on the space shuttle *Columbia* on November 13, 1981. The Shuttle Remote Manipulator System, or "Canadarm," was a mechanical arm the length of two telephone poles that remained folded in the shuttle's cargo bay until the craft reached orbit. Once there, the Canadarm unfolded at three joints, just like a human arm.

Canadian company SPAR Aerospace Ltd. was responsible for the design, development, and testing of the Canadarm. Work began in 1975, and six years later the first Canadarm was delivered to NASA at a cost of approximately \$108 million to the Canadian government. Bill Chisholm, lead contractor for the project, described the arm as being engineered for zero gravity and able to pull a forty-thousand-kilogram satellite out of space. On earth, however, it wouldn't be able to lift a coffee table.

Twenty years later, Canadarm2 was delivered to the International Space Station. The two arms were used to hand over segments of the station for assembly in a procedure dubbed the "Canadian Handshake."

Canadarms were used on more than fifty missions. One was destroyed in the *Challenger* disaster of 1986, and the robotic arm was retired in July 2011.

— Laina Hughes

June 15



To mark the day in 1837 when Governor Archibald Acheson, 2nd Earl of Gosford, banned seditious public meetings in Lower Canada. Hatch a plot.

July 1



To remember the day in 1948 when Canada became the first country to provide "all-up" postal service, with letter mail travelling by air for no extra charge. Take flight.

July 3



To celebrate W.F. Cochrane's introduction of Calgary's first automobile, a steam-powered Locomobile, on this date in 1901. Hitch a ride.

Cold War fallout

Discovery of bomber crash site revives nuclear-weapons mystery

A rocket-assisted takeoff of a B-47 Stratojet.



Deep in the bush northeast of Thunder Bay, Ontario, is a small pond that formed on November 30, 1956, following the fiery crash of an American B-47 nuclear bomber. The Cold War-era accident was front-page news in the local *Daily Times-Journal*, which reported “Bomber crashes; 3 Aboard Missing, One Airman in Hospital.” An extensive search recovered no bodies, and memories of the event eventually faded.

Fast-forward to 2004, when someone mentioned the crash to Fred Johnson, a former major in the Canadian army reserve. Johnson had never heard of it, but his curiosity was piqued, and the retired insurance broker devoted much time and effort to finding out more. He contacted the only survivor — Colonel Robert Slane — as well as other military personnel on both sides of the border. And he pored over maps to pinpoint exactly where the Stratojet went down.

“It just seemed to me while studying maps that a tiny lake that wasn’t there years ago before the crash but showed up on maps now must be the site,” said Johnson. “I was right — finally.”

Johnson found the crash site, located in a remote area of bush and swamp, in November 2009. The blast had formed a crater about sixty metres wide and between ten and fifteen metres deep.

While at the site, Johnson and his son Neil took photographs and videos of the scattered wreckage. They also removed a small amount of material from the downed plane, mounted it on plaques, and had the plaques sent to Slane and the families of the three American airmen who died.

Johnson’s most pressing question, though, is one that may never be answered: Was the bomber carrying nuclear weapons? Slane, who wrote *Journey to Freedom and Beyond*, which includes the story of the crash, says no. Maurice Ashland who was part of the U.S. military investigating team at the crash site, told Johnson that his team had no knowledge of nuclear weapons on board and did not carry radiation monitors to look for them. “Also, I do know that [the crashed jet] was [part of] a loose formation of B-47s, which would not be consistent with a bomber on airborne alert.”

Retired Colonel Sigmund Alexander, a former president of the B-47 Stratojet Association, has a different view. His book *B-47 Aircraft Losses* says, “it was standard operating procedure for units flying an ORI [operational readiness inspection] to carry nuclear weapons.”

Johnson has not made public the exact coordinates of the crash site, which is inaccessible by road. “Three people died there. The site should remain as an undisturbed memorial,” he said.

— Nelle Oosterom



COURTESY FRED JOHNSON

TALES AND TREASURES

From the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company



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Graceful weapon

Employed in the hunting and trapping of birds, the Inuit hunting bolas was an elegant form of slingshot used during the early twentieth century. The Inuit crafted their hunting bolas out of carved antler, cotton cord, hide, and bird quills. A hunter would whirl the bolas in the air, throw it at low-flying prey, and watch as the weight of the balls brought down the weapon over the winged target.

— Katherine Dow

In The Beaver... 90 Years Ago

Tall tale

In the May 1922 issue, W.G. Maclean recounted his unbelievable fishing trip at Edson River in Alberta. Upon discovering a picturesque clearing, Maclean donned his waders and ventured into the river, only to feel his footwear become dangerously heavy with what he thought was iron from the mineralized spring. Barely making it to the other side, Maclean lifted his foot to discover his wader filled with several rainbow trout — every fisherman's dream.



60 Years Ago

Artistic encore

The stunning totem poles of Kwakiutl artist Mungo Martin graced the pages of Audrey Hawthorn's article "Totem Pole Carver," which appeared in the March 1952 issue. Hawthorn explored the rejuvenation of Martin's career after chancellor E.W. Hamber and the University of British Columbia created funds that allowed Martin to supervise the restoration of old totem poles, carve new poles, and create other artifacts.



30 Years Ago

Cultural remains

In his Summer 1982 article "Art and Archaeology at York Factory," Gary Adams detailed the art and archaeological remains at York Factory, Manitoba. The massive erosion of the ruin necessitated the cultural recovery of the former Hudson's Bay Company post. During the work to save what remained of the withering site, an archaeological crew uncovered beadwork, handmade tools, and paintings.



The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920. To read stories from past issues, go to: canadashistory.ca/tradingpost.

To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, go to: hbc.com/hbc/history.

Heaven sent

Genealogists often find salvation in family Bibles. by Paul Jones

There may be a Bible out there with your name on it. Literally. It may also include the names and birthdates of many of your ancestors and their extended families. Genealogists lavish great attention on Bibles, and not because they're keen to know who begat whom in ancient days. The family Bible was the one place people of Christian descent could record important family events in full confidence that the information would endure for posterity.

If you're lucky, you know where to find that Bible in your family. For example, my friend Diana reports that in her mother's line, the Bible descended from eldest son to eldest son with near metronomic regularity. More typical is my wife's experience. She was already in her forties when she first learned that a cousin in Victoria had her grandparents' Bible. Excitingly, it reported two birthdates that had never made it into any official record.

How reliable is information found in family Bibles? In this case, five other birthdates matched official documents exactly. Further, the entries were made in different inks, consistent with being contemporaneous with the recorded events. Be skeptical, however, if you detect, like my friend Cathy, that entries have been tampered with, perhaps in an attempt to sanitize the family history.

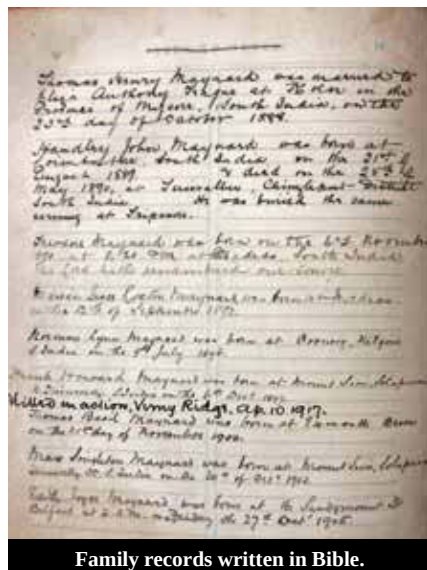
Of course, handwriting and phraseology could be idiosyncratic. My friend Gwyneth puzzled for years over the Bible record of her great-grandmother's death, which appeared to read "Dead Bird." Surely this wasn't a mark of disrespect. Was "Bird" an odd abbreviation for "Buried?" The explanation was both more literal and genealogically interesting. Great grandma had taken a Mr. Bird as her second husband.

Sometimes it is the inscriptions in Bibles that create genealogical value. For example,

my friend Ken came across a Bible awarded to his grandfather's pal for his exemplary Sunday school attendance in Newtownbutler, near Enniskillen, Ireland, in 1878. Talk about fixing someone in a time and place!

Occasionally a Bible and its inscription can throw light on a family's oral history.

My friend Diana's great-grandfather, it



Family records written in Bible.

was reported in family legend, had been sent to New Zealand in 1881 by his father, a wealthy businessman who despaired that his son would never amount to anything. In a Bible presented to the traveller by his father on the eve of emigration, the inscription earnestly confirmed the family tale.

Sometimes words are not necessary. Just one look is persuasive to Cathy that her family Bible did indeed endure the ravages of Hurricane Hazel, which struck Ontario in 1954. My wife's family Bible likewise bears the marks of water damage, inflicted in a terrifying North Sea gale during the patriarch's mission to Norway in December 1894.

Some tips about finding family Bibles:

- It can't hurt to do a Web search, but

don't expect miracles. Even the most extensive online collections of genealogical data taken from family Bibles contain no more than a few thousand records.

- Far better that you should conduct a systematic inquiry among members of your extended family, starting with surviving members of earlier generations.

Preservation is also important:

- Your priorities should be to make a digital image of all genealogical data found in a Bible, preferably with transcription, and to send copies not only to family members but also to receptive repositories, such as genealogical libraries and family Bible websites. Ken wishes someone had done this with the Gilmour Bible he seeks, mentioned in an 1845 will, but now lost.

- Your best bet for preservation of a Bible is to locate a younger member of your family who is prepared to assure its future security. Beware of assuming you know best. My friend Linda tells a frustrating story of a family Bible that went astray after being passed unasked to a nun, believe it or not, who sadly took no precautions for its safekeeping after her death.

- Museums and libraries generally do not want your Bible, although some might accept an image or transcription of the genealogical data. And don't expect an *Antiques Roadshow* windfall unless your Bible is centuries old.

A final question: What steps have been taken to ensure your descendants have an accurate genealogical record of your family? Will your legacy be a godsend to future generations? Or are you consigning them to an informational limbo? 📖



Paul Jones, a former magazine publisher, is a writer, a consultant, and an avid genealogical researcher and volunteer.



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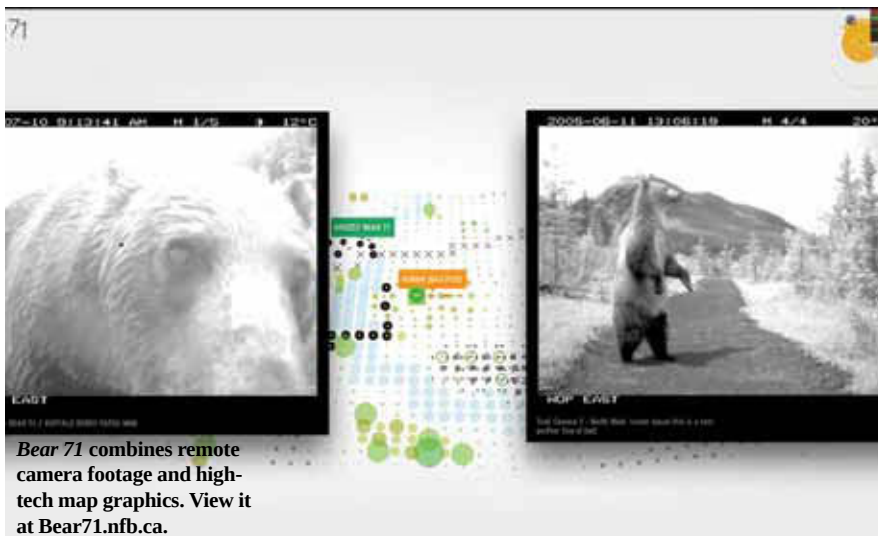
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CANADA'S
HISTORY

Wild animals we have known

Exploring the history of our lost connection to the natural world.



As I write, the signs of a new season are all around me. I don't mean the crocuses, snowdrops, or cherry blossoms — the usual brags Vancouverites make. No, here in the wired West, the arrival of spring is live-streamed.

I'm referring to the enormously popular "eagle cams," which swing into action every year as part of the regional rites of spring. Anyone with a computer and an Internet connection can watch the birds build nests, lay eggs, and feed their hatchlings. This is reality TV at its best.

If the popularity of critter cams is any indication, we humans have evolved into inveterate voyeurs, and it's all because of our history. Over the last millennia, we in the Western world have come to see ourselves as separate from nature. No longer an enigmatic, powerful, and sentient force to be feared, appeased, and accepted on its own terms, we see nature instead as subject to human control. We've got to where we are thanks in no small part to Christianity, the Enlightenment, and the scientific revolution. These developments — "progress" — led us to believe the world was fully knowable, to

assume there were no limits to what the human mind could comprehend. But something got lost along the way: When limits disappeared, so too did magic and mystery.

Indeed, part of what defines the modern condition is our effort to come to terms with what the eminent sociologist Max Weber called "the disenchantment of the world." Looking at animals is a way to get over our alienation from nature. No longer able to talk to them, we content ourselves with watching, hoping to discover their secrets, to re-establish a kinship connection, and to end our isolation as a species.

If looking at animals helps us overcome our history, telling stories about them helps us understand who we are, where we've been, and where we're going. They help us to make sense of the world. Tales about wild animals have probably been around since we've been around as a species. But the realistic wild animal story is newer. Dating from the late-nineteenth century, it's a genre that some believe to be "the one native Canadian art form."

Whereas *The Call of the Wild* (1903) is a celebration of Americanization and *The Wind in the Willows* (1908) is about the British

class system, the stories of Ernest Thompson Seton and Charles G.D. Roberts speak to how Canadians see themselves. In books like *Wild Animals I Have Known* (1898) and *Kindred of the Wild* (1902) the animals all die; they're victims, not heroes. For Margaret Atwood, the focus on victimization reflects our "national psyche," providing evidence for her argument that the central motif running through Canadian literature is survival.

All of which brings me to Bear 71, a female grizzly radio-collared in 2001 and tracked through Alberta's Bow Valley until her death by CPR in 2009. Her life is the subject of a new realistic animal story in the form of a remarkable twenty-minute interactive film by Leanne Allison, Jeremy Mendes, and the National Film Board of Canada.

Told from the grizzly's perspective, *Bear 71* is in keeping with the best traditions of the Canadian realistic animal story: Not only does it anthropomorphize its principal character — she has a voice and a sense of irony worthy of Atwood — but she's also a victim.

Had Bear 71's story been told a century earlier, it would have reflected the concerns of a world rocked by Charles Darwin and the idea of the survival of the fittest. In their work, Seton and Roberts tried to reconcile a nature "red in tooth and claw" with one that was not bereft of goodness.

Their belief in the morality of nature was shaped by their own early experiences. Growing up in Toronto, young Seton retreated to the woods and drew animals to escape an abusive father. Roberts grew up in rural New Brunswick, the son of an Anglican minister who raised him to see God in nature's design.

While Darwin isn't their concern, the producers of *Bear 71* are troubled by another aspect of modernity. The grizzly's history speaks to how much technology has changed the planet, creating a hybrid world

where we don't know how to be. Charging an oncoming train to protect your cubs isn't a good idea. Survival depends on being who you're not, on denying your very nature. But at other times instinct is what keeps you alive, preventing you from challenging the male grizzly for dibs on the roadkill. The modern world is a confusing one, calling on its inhabitants to remake themselves, even as they have to remember who they are.

The film's arguments echo those being made by the New Nature Movement about the negative impacts of technology. Thanks to our addiction to electronics, among other things, we all suffer from what Richard Louv calls "nature-deficit disorder." Kids hardly ever play outside in an unstructured way, and neither do we. As a result, we're afflicted by behavioural problems and obesity. The long-term effects of nature-deficit disorder on the Earth are also disturbing: How, Louv

asks, can we care for something fewer and fewer of us experience directly?

Compelling as they are, these arguments are a bit old hat. As modern people, we're given to stories of decline and fall, especially ones about the environment and technology. What makes *Bear 71* unusual is that it's more than just another sad story.

The film invites us to rethink our relationship to technology, to come to a more complex understanding of its relationship to the natural world. Bear 71 was caught on film repeatedly using human-engineered wildlife crossings that allow animals to traverse the Trans-Canada Highway safely. Modern technology is invasive and harmful, but in the hands of conservation biologists it has given us the ability to repair our relationship with nature.

In the hands of skilled storytellers, modern technology also offers the possibility of forging a better relationship with nature by

allowing us to see the lives of the animals whose space we share in an unfamiliar way. As Bear 71 moves as a pixelated dot across the Bow Valley, along with a jogger from Canmore, a raven, and an elk, we realize how our paths cross even if they don't always intersect; that we share a world of which we are only dimly aware.

When Bear 71 and the other animals roaming through the park trigger a camera, the footage provides a privileged glimpse into another society, a nature that is more astonishing for our seeming absence from the frame. It's that recognition, and the enchantment that comes with it, that's the foundation for a better relationship with the planet and the creatures that call it home. 🐻



Tina Loo is a professor of history at the University of British Columbia.



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Seizing the day

How a gregarious B.C. senator turned Canada's birthday into a national holiday. by Irene Crawford-Siano

Canada marks its 145th birthday on July 1 of this year. Few Canadians know the story behind the man who initiated the observance of what has become a much-celebrated national holiday. His name was Dr. Robert William Weir Carrall, a convivial senator from British Columbia who rarely missed a party.

On March 26, 1879, twelve years after Canada became a nation, Carrall introduced in the Senate a private member's bill to make Dominion Day a national holiday. Before then, July 1, the anniversary of the taking effect of the British North America Act of 1867 — today known as the Constitution Act — had been observed haphazardly across the country. Some people celebrated it. Some cursed it. Others simply ignored it.

Carrall first tried to introduce the Dominion Day bill eight years earlier, just after British Columbia entered Confederation in 1871. But his colleagues advised him not to. "It was thought inexpedient to pass such a measure because some provinces were new to the harness of Confederation. The bill was withdrawn," Carrall said later.

This must have disappointed the newly minted senator, who was an enthusiastic supporter of Canadian unity and had helped negotiate the terms for B.C. to join Confederation.

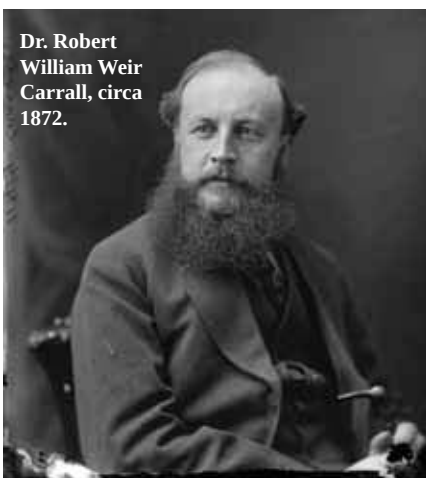
Carrall was proud to say he was descended from one of the oldest families in Canada. His grandfather John Carrall had served in the American Revolutionary War, but was so disheartened with postwar conditions that he brought his family to Upper Canada in 1789.

Senator Carrall was born near Woodstock, Ontario, in 1837. He trained as a doctor and served as a contract surgeon for the northern army during the American Civil War. Seeing first-hand what a divided coun-

try could do to its people deeply affected him. He returned to Canada more patriotic than ever.

Carrall settled in British Columbia, where he practised medicine, invested in profitable mining ventures, and gained a seat in the colony's legislative council. In 1870 he was appointed as one of three delegates to go to Ottawa to negotiate the terms of B.C.'s union with Canada.

"I shall do my utmost to have the provinces come together as one Domin-



Dr. Robert William Weir Carrall, circa 1872.

ion, ocean to ocean," Carrall declared. After B.C. became Canada's newest province, Prime Minister John A. Macdonald appointed Carrall to the Senate.

Carrall, a hard-working senator who believed passionately in free education and worked tirelessly for the building of the transcontinental railway, was also a sociable bachelor and man about town. He described being "worked to death socially," with dinners and dances every night. He loved women's company but had difficulty settling down with just one. "Oh! Why was I created with such susceptibilities? Or why on earth [are] the girls so sweet!!!" he wrote in his private correspondence.

As the years went by, Carrall's health suf-

fered. He had problems with his liver, kidneys, and stomach. In November of 1878, he checked himself into the Royal Columbian Hospital at New Westminster, B.C., where doctors confirmed that "his time was limited." The *Mainland Guardian* newspaper reported that he was dead.

In reality, the senator checked himself out of hospital a month later and returned to Ottawa, where he took on a vigorous schedule of activities. On March 26, 1879, Carrall asked for leave from the House to introduce a private member's bill to make July 1 a public holiday. Although bills were generally presented to the House of Commons first, his request was granted and Bill H, as it was called, was read in the Senate.

But when Bill H came up for its third and final reading, Senator Carrall was absent and Bill H was read by another senator. Rumours flew. Was he ill again? Regardless, the bill was sent to the House of Commons, where it was debated and passed without amendments.

Carrall eventually returned to the Senate. Then, on May 8, 1879, when Carrall was to introduce a bill to repeal the Indian Act of 1876, he was again absent. Days later, parliamentarians learned that Carrall had finally ended his bachelor days and had married his childhood friend, Amelia Gordon, a widow with five children. The couple was on their honeymoon abroad.

In late August 1879, the couple quietly returned to the Carrall homestead near Woodstock. The ailing Carrall was content. The railroad would soon connect the country and July 1, Canada's birthday, would be observed as a public holiday across the land.

Carrall died September 19, 1879, at age forty. ●

Irene Crawford-Siano is the author of *Senator Robert Carrall and Dominion Day*, published by Quarry Heritage Press, Kingston, Ontario.

SOUVENIR FOLDER



"LET HER BUCK"

A souvenir envelope
features the 1912
Calgary Exhibition and
Stampede.

Stampede

A Wild Ride

The Calgary Stampede of 1912 was supposed to be for
one time only — a farewell to a disappearing way of life.
But the event just wouldn't die. *by Jill Foran*

In the spring of 1912, four Calgary-area cattle barons, feeling nostalgic for the olden days, ponied up twenty-five thousand dollars each to fund the dream of a brash American cowboy. The dream: to produce a Frontier Days and Cowboy Championship Contest, the biggest and best celebration of authentic frontier life the West had ever seen.

The bankrolling cattlemen saw this celebration, eventually renamed the Calgary Stampede, as a one-time-only event, a fond farewell to a way of life that had all but vanished in southern Alberta.

of their regular lives, pull on blue jeans and cowboy boots, and take in the myriad offerings of the Stampede extravaganza — pancake breakfasts, live musical performances, agricultural exhibitions, midway rides and games, and the world's largest (and richest) outdoor rodeo. The event brings in well over a million visitors each year and is known internationally as a party destination.

Right from the start, it was clear that the “Greatest Outdoor Show on Earth” could draw a crowd. The visionary behind the inaugural Stampede made sure of that.

Born in Rochester, New York, in 1885, Guy Weadick was sixteen years old when he left home to become a cowboy. He headed west to Montana, where he immersed himself in the cowboy lifestyle and picked up vital range skills such as breaking wild horses, wrestling steers, and roping cattle.

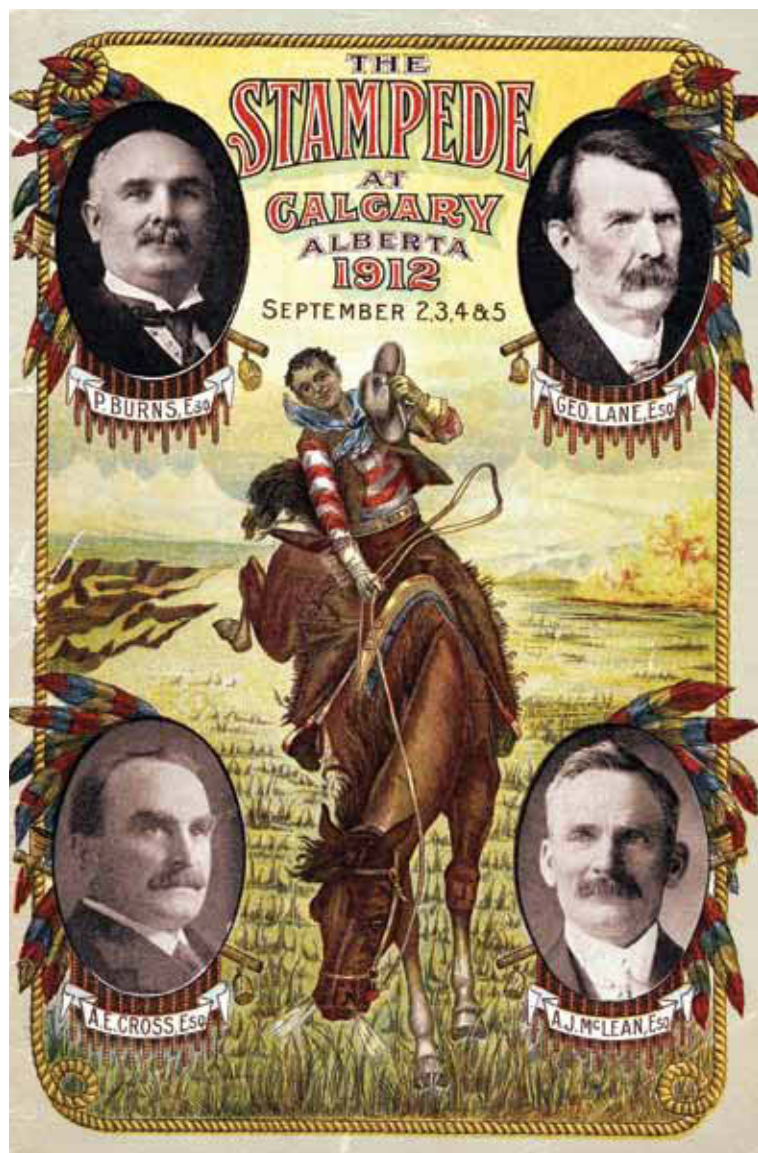
Like many of his cowboy cohorts, Weadick eventually brought these skills to the stage, performing in various Wild West shows throughout North America and abroad. Popular in the early 1900s, these shows presented glitzy, romanticized versions of the Old West. They were a delight to urban audiences who knew little about real life on the open range.

A natural entertainer, Weadick enjoyed performing on the vaudeville circuit, but he also wanted to create a show of his own, one that accurately demonstrated the true cowboy lifestyle he so loved and admired. After visiting the rapidly growing city of Calgary in 1908, he knew he'd found the place to stage it.

Four years later, with the help of local livestock agent H.C. McMullen, Weadick convinced Calgary cattlemen Patrick Burns, George Lane, A.E. Cross, and A.J. McLean to finance his plan. The sponsors, collectively known as the Big Four, wanted a western celebration that was “devoid of circus tinsel and far-fetched fiction.” The Calgary Stampede would be a reunion of old-timers and pioneers, set amidst the exciting backdrop of a true-blue rodeo.

The dates were set for September 2–5, 1912, and Weadick, as general manager of the event, immediately got to work promoting it and putting it together. Using the many contacts he had acquired as a cowboy and as a vaudeville performer, he spread the word that Calgary was staging a world-class cowboy extravaganza. He enticed more than 150 of the top ropers and riders from Canada, the United States, and Mexico with the promise of twenty thousand dollars in prizes. He wrote colourful letters of invitation to politicians, dignitaries, and celebrities. And he bombarded Calgarians with regular Stampede advertisements in the local papers, guaranteeing, among other things, “the greatest Frontier Days Celebration in any man's country heretofore.”

In order to ensure an accurate portrayal of the Canadian frontier, Weadick was adamant that members of the Treaty 7 First Nations — which included the Blackfoot, Blood, Peigan, Stoney, and Sarcee — be involved in the festivities. At the time, however, the federal government



GLENBOW ARCHIVES NA-604-1A

A poster for the 1912 event pictures the Stampede's backers. A century later, this one-time-only event is still going strong. Celebrating its centennial this year, the Calgary Stampede is Canada's highest-grossing festival and an iconic institution in its host city. For ten frenzied days each July, Calgarians and tourists alike shrug off the demands



CALGARY STAMPEDE ARCHIVES

was reluctant to issue permission for Native peoples to leave their reserves and attend city celebrations. Resolute, Weadick asked a few prominent Calgary politicians, including Senator James Lougheed and Member of Parliament R.B. Bennett, to pull some strings. Responding to direct appeals and letters from these men, the Department of Indian Affairs withdrew all objections to Native participation in Weadick's event. To Weadick's delight, some two thousand First Nations people ended up taking part in the Stampede. They set up teepees on the grounds — the Stampede's first "Indian Village" — performed daily dances, and competed in rodeo events.

The roster of special Stampede guests kept growing. When Weadick learned that Canada's new Governor General, the Duke of Connaught, would be in Calgary with his wife and daughter in early September, he sent the duke an invitation and extended the Stampede program from four days to six in order to ensure the viceregal party could attend.

Tickets for the event, priced at one dollar apiece, went on sale on August 5. By August 17, more than twenty thousand had been sold. As the calendar crept closer to opening day, the Stampede hype continued to build. The Canadian Pacific Railway offered half-fare rates on designated "Stampede trains" and brought in a reported forty thousand passengers from as far afield as Winnipeg to see the event. Other out-of-towners arrived by horse and on foot. Soon Calgary's hotels were brimming.

People were raring to take in what Weadick claimed would be "entertainment on such a scale of magnificence as would be a fitting finale to the glorious history of this

justly celebrated range."

Just like today, a massive parade kicked off the first Calgary Stampede. On Labour Day morning, September 2, 1912, an estimated eighty thousand spectators descended on Calgary's downtown core — an impressive number, considering the city's population at the time was fifty thousand. Crowded amidst cheerful decorations of flags and streamers, Calgarians and visitors lined the parade route eight rows deep. Others perched on roof-

Above: First Nations chiefs at the 1912 Stampede.

Below: Lucille Mulhall, champion lady steer roper, 1912.



GLENBOW ARCHIVES MA-335-19

tops, climbed rafters, or shimmied up light posts to get the best vantage point.

The parade lasted more than two hours. The procession, made up of more than three thousand people, told the story of how the Canadian West was founded.

About eighteen hundred First Nations people, dressed in their ceremonial finest, led the parade, fol-

lowed by groupings of missionaries, fur and whisky traders, North West Mounted Police veterans, cowboys and cowgirls, and settlers. The *Calgary Daily Herald* proclaimed it to be “the most colossal and graphic portrayal of pioneer and range existence that has ever been staged in all the world.”

Following the parade, nearly thirty thousand spectators moved en masse to Victoria Park to watch the opening performance of the cowboy contest. As it would for the entire week, the show began at one o'clock with an impressive procession of all the contestants. They whooped and waved as they rode their horses around the track to the live music of Oregon's famous Pendleton Cowboy Band.

Lengthy waits between each event became tiresome for the crowd, and many audience members went home before the close of the competition, which eventually had to be called on account of darkness.

The main cause for the delays was the arena's lack of chutes, a shortfall that especially affected the bronco-riding events, as it meant that each bucking horse had to be blindfolded or hobbled while competitors climbed on. The process was a long one, and it didn't help matters that there was no time limit on the actual rides. Today the time limit for riders in the saddle bronco event is eight seconds, but in 1912 Stampede contestants had to ride until the horse stopped bucking, which sometimes took several minutes.



CALGARY STAMPEDE ARCHIVES

A postcard depicts the Calgary Stampede parade, date unknown.

Then came the competitions. The daily program consisted of seventeen events, among them bronco riding, steer roping, steer bulldogging, and cowboy relay races. Weadick threw in a few showier acts, too, including stagecoach races, trick riding, and fancy roping. This mix, he hoped, would serve both to dazzle spectators and to show off the grit, bravery, and skills of the men and women of the range.

It worked — for the most part. Spectators were awed by numerous hair-raising feats performed by the cowgirls and cowboys on opening afternoon, but their awe was peppered with repeated bouts of boredom.

The lack of chutes also caused delays in the steer roping events, as the steers had to be turned loose in the middle of the arena. Worse, these animals proved too fast for many of the rope horses. As a result, competitors often had to chase the steers for much longer than anticipated, ending up at the far end of the arena and well out-of-sight of the spectators.

Glitches such as these only served to add to the crowd's confusion over what they were watching — a confusion that stemmed from a general unfamiliarity with rodeo events. Unfortunately, Stampede officials weren't terribly helpful. "It may be mentioned that the

announcers were the biggest joke ever,” read a *Calgary News Telegram* article describing the first day of the rodeo. “Anyone who paid twenty-five cents for an ‘official program’ soon discovered that it was nothing more than an advertising graft and absolutely useless for following the contests. Then they tried to check up by the announcements, but they were few and far between and not always distinct.”

As the week progressed, however, the audience came to have a better grasp of the various competitions. Events played out each day to assembled crowds of between twelve and twenty thousand, and fans got caught up in the excitement of the program. “The most magnificent work I have ever seen,” exclaimed former

horns and twisting to wrestle the animal to the ground. Lipsett-Skinner continued: “When the Creator placed man at the head of the animal kingdom, He never intended man to tear the horns out of the defenceless animals and leave them dazed and bleeding.”

While lengthy delays and protests of animal exploitation kept some spectators away, Mother Nature also did her part. Sunny skies on the first day of the Stampede gave way to cold, rainy weather (and the occasional snowflake) for the rest of the week.

The worst of it came on Thursday, September 5, the day of the viceregal appearance. Shortly after the opening procession of competitors, a dramatic thunderstorm turned the arena into a mud-filled mess.



NWMP member Sergeant Major Bray to the *News Telegram*. “The riding, roping, and bulldogging of the steers proved a revelation to me.”

Not everyone was so impressed. Complaints of animal cruelty were present even at the first Stampede (and have continued ever since). “There is one feature of the Stampede that every woman ought to protest against,” wrote Ms. Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner for the *Calgary Herald* in 1912. “It is the appalling cruelty to steers ... to illustrate the prowess of the cowboys in the manly art of ‘bulldogging.’”

Bulldogging is the practice of grabbing a steer by its

In deference to the Governor General and his party, Weadick decided to move the whole show indoors, to the nearby horse building — a much smaller venue. As the royal carriages were loaded up, the rest of the six thousand audience members rushed to the building in hopes of getting one of its three thousand seats. “It was a Stampede alright,” wrote a reporter for the *Herald*, “only one of human beings.”

Upon arriving at the new location, the duke and his family had to elbow and shove their way through a mob of wet, angry people. Though members of the viceregal party eventually found their seats, thousands of

A 1948 postcard from the Stampede.



CANADIAN PRESS

**A chuckwagon
race at the
2010 Calgary
Stampede.**

paying spectators were turned away, their money not refunded.

The incident, along with grumblings about high admission prices and overall mismanagement of the show, stirred up animosity toward Weadick.

Despite this, the Stampede as a whole was largely deemed a success. The major highlight for the Canadians in the crowd came when Tom Three Persons won the bronc riding finals on the closing day of the rodeo. A member of the Blood Tribe, Three Persons became the only Canadian to win a major event at the 1912 Stampede after riding the notoriously brutal bronc Cyclone to a standstill in front of a packed crowd.

The final numbers for the first-ever Calgary Stampede were impressive. The event brought more visitors to Calgary than any event had before. More than 100,000 admission tickets were sold. In all, the event grossed \$120,000.

Spurred by this success, Weadick began making plans for the next Calgary Stampede. But the Big Four stuck to their guns: They weren't interested in an annual event. So, a determined Weadick tried taking his show on the road. He staged a Stampede in Winnipeg in 1913 and another in New York City in 1916, but neither of them took. It seemed the Calgary Stampede could not be reproduced elsewhere.

In the summer of 1919, Weadick was invited back to Calgary to stage a Victory Stampede in honour of the end of the First World War. But it wasn't until 1923 that Weadick's hope for turning his grand rodeo into a permanent event finally came to be. That year, the directors of

Calgary's annual agricultural fair were looking for ways to boost lagging attendance. Their solution: Add "a really outstanding Stampede" to the program, "and build up an institution which would be as important in building up Alberta as the Canadian National Exhibition is in Eastern Canada."

Thus, the agricultural fair and Weadick's rodeo merged to become the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede, marrying the fair's regular features (live entertainment, a midway, and agriculture exhibits) to Weadick's cowboy-themed events and nostalgic representation of the Old West.

The 1923 event was a massive, profit-earning success, and by the end of that decade the Stampede was entrenched as an integral part of Calgary's culture, identity, and economy.

The Calgary Stampede has grown and changed since its 1912 debut. While it is sometimes criticized for perpetuating a generic and artificial portrayal of Western heritage — the opposite of what Weadick originally set out to do — the festival's international fame and enthusiastic cowboy carnival atmosphere would no doubt appeal to Weadick's sense of showmanship.

"I think the Stampede is still something Weadick would have been proud of," says Stampede historian Aimee Benoit.

"There is not as much emphasis today on celebrating old-timers and frontier life, which I think is only natural as those roots become a little more remote. But the spirit of the event today, I think, is still very much in keeping with Weadick's vision." ●

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MAPLE LEAF CROWN

Our Majesty has a strong Canadian legacy. But does the monarchy have a future in Canada? *by Christopher Moore*

In November 1953, at three in the morning, Queen Elizabeth's plane made a brief refuelling stop at Gander, Newfoundland. Despite the hour, a crowd gathered to sing "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow." Her Majesty came out in the cold and the dark to thank them. Brief as it was, it was the first of her many visits to Canada as the Queen.

Sixty years after her accession to the throne, the Queen's Canadian travels make an extraordinary record. She began touring Canada — her first tour was in 1951 when she was still a princess — before most of today's Canadians were born. Since that moment in Gander in 1953, she has been back thirty more times, on visits as brief as that refuelling stop and as extended as 1959's seven-week exploration of every province and territory — during which she discovered she was pregnant with Prince Andrew.

Queen Elizabeth
II opens Canada's
Parliament,
October 14, 1957.



TONY BOCK/GETSTOCK

**The Queen in
Ottawa during
the 1984 royal
tour.**

Have you been to Bonavista, Fort McMurray, Kindersley, the Khutzeymateen Valley, North Bay, Norway House, Rankin Inlet, Rivière du Loup, Shediac, Summerside, Sydney, and Yellowknife? She has. And many more Canadian places, besides. Has anyone in the world ever maintained such a relentless touring schedule for six decades, never out of the glare of adulation? Who else has married such strict adherence to form with such disarming grace?

Queen Elizabeth II has been in Canada to open two parliaments, two Commonwealth Games, two Commonwealth conferences, the St. Lawrence Seaway, an Olympic Games, and uncounted highways, plaques, memorials, and public places. Endless trails of cut ribbons, curtsies, and proclamations. Perhaps a million waves of the royal right arm. Thousands of Canadians have spoken to Elizabeth II, saluted her, handed her flowers. Hundreds of thousands more have at least seen her.

I'm not one of them. I've never seen Queen Elizabeth — and I've been in Canada pretty much all those sixty years. I'm like most Canadians that way. Even thirty royal visits amount to only a few whirlwind days every few years.

Yet, without having made any particular effort, I seem to have met most of our recent governors general, and the lieutenant-governors of several provinces, too. Those are our real, regular, everyday representatives of state. At public celebrations, at prize-givings, at all kinds of festivities deserving of official patronage, the

Queen's representatives are the ones who are likely to be there, their roles woven deeply into the fabric of the country.

Okay, maybe I'm a little bit complicit in not having seen the Queen. When I was young, we lived not far from Granville Street in Vancouver, the usual route of royal motorcades from the airport. A few days before a royal visit, my mother would start thinking aloud about going up to watch.

"No," we would protest. "Come on! Why?"

My mother, a contemporary of the Queen, became a devoted West Coast Canadian upon her immigration here, but she never lost her home ties. For her, a royal tour did something to maintain the link. For her sons, not so much. We put aside Her Englishness as surely and speedily as we did short pants and British accents. If someone mentioned the Queen's televised Christmas message, we would plug our noses and parody her diction: "Moi husband and oi." It has always seemed natural to me that Canadian links with the British monarchy would fade. The Queen, I assume, is nice ... but she's foreign.

The Crown, however — the Crown is not foreign. That prorogation crisis of 2009, when the prime minister sent Parliament home? That was "Crown prerogative" — done by the prime minister, but an application of the powers of the Canadian Crown. The Crown prosecutes, the Crown commands, the Crown assents and appoints. Constitutional monarchy is not just motorcades in the sunshine.



BETTMANN/CONTRAS

Will the jubilee's spotlight on the monarchy's past, present, and future inspire that serious conversation Canadians need to have?

That is one lesson emphasized in a new book, *The Evolving Canadian Crown*, edited by Jennifer Smith and Michael Jackson and a project of Friends of the Canadian Crown, a monarchist lobby. Some of its effusions about the so-called Maple Crown feel like something sweet and sticky over your ears. But its essays do engage with a profound challenge at the heart of the Canadian monarchy: namely, that the work of the Canadian Crown is done by a governor general deferring to a mostly absent monarch. Working under the thumb of politicians, a governor general can never hold the independent prestige and authority a true head of state should wield.

Senator and former Secretary of State Serge Joyal — a monarchist to his fingertips — observes how easily governors general are undermined by jealous politicians eager for the spotlight. “For more than forty years, all Canadian prime ministers have undermined the legitimacy and authority of the Crown,” he complains. Weakening the Crown in Canada, he writes, has mostly concentrated yet more power in the hands of the prime minister. Yet Joyal is equally concerned about governors general who want to raise the profile of the office —

they too “decrease the symbolic value of the Crown.”

What to do? The solution, say several essayists in this collection, is more monarchy: more royal visits and royal symbols, more direct assertion of the monarch's authority, more effort to make us all appreciate royalty. The Friends of the Canadian Crown want to see the restoration of a dynamic Canadian monarchy. They hope the current Governor General and prime minister will be more deferential to the Queen than their predecessors. (“I’m not a strong monarchist, I’m really not,” Stephen Harper said after meeting the Queen for the first time in 1999 — but that was before he was prime minister.) With frequent travel and fresh new ceremonies, they hope, the “liturgical authority” of the monarch will be affirmed.

For Tom Freda, who speaks for Citizens for a Canadian Republic, a republican lobby, the solution is different. “The Queen as Queen in right of Canada — that is a Canadian fabrication,” he says. “There should not be an individual person built in to our constitutional structure. The Canadian people should fill that role. Indeed, that is the reality. We are for all practical purposes a parliamentary republic. The Queen is a

Queen Elizabeth II greets people in Ottawa on August 1, 1973.



GETSTOCK

A souvenir image from the 1937 coronation songbook of King George VI, showing the King and his consort, Queen Elizabeth, with their daughters, Elizabeth and Margaret. Princess Elizabeth, on the right, was eleven years old — one year older than her only sibling.



GETSTOCK

Queen Elizabeth II and her husband, Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, share a Hudson's Bay Company point blanket during a royal command performance at the Calgary Stampede in July 1953.

Canada's Queen



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Princess Elizabeth attends a performance of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet during her 1951 tour of Canada. Elizabeth and her new husband, Prince Philip, toured Canada on behalf of King George VI, who was ill and died the following year.



LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA/4301815

Queen Elizabeth receives flowers from a First Nations girl in British Columbia during the royal tour of the summer of 1959. The forty-five day journey was the longest royal tour in Canadian history; it covered all ten provinces and the territories.



CANADIAN PRESS

Police in Quebec City struggle with a protester who is being taken into custody on October 10, 1964, during a violent demonstration outside the Quebec National Assembly to oppose the royal visit of the Queen. Quebec nationalists today continue to oppose the presence of the monarchy in their province. The Queen returned to Quebec in 1967 and 1987.



RON BULL/CANADIAN PRESS

The Queen and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau prepare to sign the proclamation of the Constitution Act on Parliament Hill April 17, 1982. The act repatriated Canada's Constitution — meaning Canada could amend its own Constitution without the involvement of the British Parliament.

Celebrating 60 years on the Canadian throne



JIM YOUNG/CORBIS

Canadian singer Bryan Adams holds a large replica of a new stamp honouring Queen Elizabeth II at a ceremony at Rideau Hall in Ottawa on December 19, 2003. The image is based on a photograph taken by Adams during the Queen's golden jubilee in 2002.



ANDY CLARK/CORBIS

The Queen and Prince Philip greet people outside a church in Jasper, Alberta, May 22, 2005. The royal couple attended Sunday service at St. Mary and St. George Anglican Church during their tour of Western Canada.

The Queen's grandson, Prince William, and his new wife, Kate, at the Calgary Stampede, July 8, 2011.



NATHAN DENETTE/CANADIAN PRESS

symbol, and we think it is time to redefine that symbol.”

As for how to choose a Canadian head of state, Freda says: “Either Parliament or some other body must become the electoral college that selects the head of state, or else there must be a popularly elected head of

state.”

Could that be done? Well, a simple constitutional amendment would suffice, but the consent of Parliament and every province would be required. That’s a high threshold, and it should be; this is an important issue. Change can only happen if Canadians want it. If we show we want it, change will happen.

Is Freda dismayed by this year’s diamond jubilee and its celebration of Canadian monarchy? Not at all, he says. “Her sixty years is a memorable feat, worth commemorating.... The Queen and her jubilee will be celebrated all around the world this year, including by many countries that do not have the Queen as their monarch.”

Indeed, he suggests, even triumphal royal tours and celebrations ultimately strengthen the republican idea in Canada. “Royal visits — they provoke thought. When the Queen is here, the monarchy is front and centre, not out of sight, out of mind. And when Canadians think about the monarchy, they think that the future of the monarchy should be discussed.”

The Queen will not tour Canada or any other country outside of Britain this year. She will stay on home ground while Prince Charles — our potential future King Charles III — visits in July, continuing that remarkable Canadian history of royal visits.

Will the jubilee year’s spotlight on the monarchy’s past, present, and future inspire that serious conversation Canadians need to have? In their own ways, both the restorationist Friends of the Canadian Monarchy and the republican Citizens for a Canadian Republic are contributing to it. Surely it is time. ●

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Constable Allen
Kupkee (left) and an
unidentified assistant
have coffee while
on patrol at Dundas
Harbour, circa 1930.



Boots on Frozen Ground

For a handful of Mounties, the job of holding Canada's claim to the High Arctic came with hardship, isolation, and, in some cases, death.

by Peter Gorrie

It was February 1930. A blinding blizzard struck two RCMP members as they drove dogsleds over frozen Lancaster Sound in the eastern Arctic. Constable R.W. "Paddy" Hamilton was in the lead and soon lost sight of his partner, Corporal M.M. Timbury. After stopping several times, Hamilton reluctantly struggled to shore and huddled in a makeshift snow shelter to wait out the storm. When the weather cleared, Hamilton retraced their route. He found an old igloo and looked inside. There he discovered his partner, alive, but exhausted, with his face and hands badly frostbitten.

Such were the hazards of the job of establishing Canada's claim to the Arctic.

The men were stationed at Dundas Harbour detachment on Devon Island, about a hundred kilometres inside the entrance to the Northwest Passage. The gruelling patrol they were on was part of their assignment to proclaim Canadian ownership of that remote territory.

Letters and other material recently obtained from two of the Mounties' families reveal just how difficult their job was. For instance, Hamilton, in an unpublished account,

described more details of the harrowing event on Lancaster Sound: "[Timbury] had thought his dogs were following my trail until suddenly he found himself out at the [ice edge] and one of his dogs was in the water." To save himself, Timbury had to cut the traces that attached the dog to the team and let the animal go.

"When he had recovered from the shock of his narrow escape and had the team straightened out again he realized he was completely lost," wrote Hamilton. With his dogs reluctantly following him, Timbury walked directly into the storm, knowing this would bring him back to land. "Luckily ... he stumbled on to the igloo."

Being a Mountie at Dundas Harbour in the 1920s and '30s was a tough assignment. The post consisted of three small wood buildings along a stone beach facing Lancaster Sound. Two or three officers lived there for two years, along with a few Inuit families hired from elsewhere. They were the lone human presence on an otherwise uninhabited island the size of Nova Scotia.

The post was established in 1924, prompted by Denmark's refusal to stop Inuit from Greenland — a Danish colony — from crossing over to hunt musk oxen in violation

COURTESY JOE KUPKEE



ALLEN KUPKEE

Above: The camp of an Inuit family on Ellesmere Island, circa 1930.

Below right: RCMP Constable Allen Kupkee, early 1930s.

of a Canadian conservation law. The RCMP occupied the site until 1933, rented it to the Hudson's Bay Company the following two years, then reopened it in 1945 for a final six years. Similar detachments — Craig Harbour and Bache Peninsula — were built on Ellesmere Island, north of Devon.

Concern about Arctic sovereignty has waxed and waned since 1880, when Britain transferred to Canada what a federal government analysis later described as its “inchoate” or incomplete claim to the Arctic Archipelago. The contemporary prospect of massive fossil fuel deposits and the likelihood that climate change will open summer shipping continues to lend urgency to the question of who owns the Arctic.

Thus, after a half century of neglect, Dundas Harbour and the work the Mounties did there has emerged to bolster Canadian claims of sovereignty.

Life at Dundas Harbour was mostly chores and paperwork. The routine was enlivened by hunting, learning to run dog teams, and occasionally listening to messages from relatives and friends broadcast by a pioneering American radio station. A supply ship came once a year. The sense of isolation was immense.

Hamilton's account and letters written by another member, Constable Allen Kupkee, reveal that the RCMP performed a task few people then or now could comprehend.

The police did no policing. They and their Inuit helpers — interestingly, some of the Inuit were the very Greenlanders whose hunting activities spawned the detachments — were there to fulfill the requirement of international law that a nation must occupy land to maintain ownership.

The patrols were key to that work, even though they seemed to accomplish little more than to give the Mounties

something to do. Each detachment undertook just one or two patrols each year — in early spring, when sunlight had returned, but the ice and snow were still solid. They encountered no foreign intruders; in fact, they met no other humans. The rest of the year was spent, as Hamilton and Timbury were doing in February 1930, practising for long trips and hunting.

Dundas Harbour, surrounded by difficult ice and topography, wasn't even a good travel base. Still, they went out. As their country's “boots on the ground,” they were not only symbols of sovereignty but also helped to make Canada's case by being the first Canadians, and occasionally the first modern humans, to reach parts of the Arctic Archipelago.

The work of occupation was dreary and hard on morale.



COURTESY JOE KUPKEE

As Kupkee wrote in January 1932 to his father in New Brunswick: “There has hardly been anything happened this last few weeks.... Surely things will brighten up in the spring, for I can realize what it will be like if things stay the way they are at present.”

Winter was especially difficult. Hamilton wrote of being forced to stay indoors as the temperature outside dipped to 45 below Fahrenheit (minus 42.7 degrees Celsius) in a howling one-hundred-kilometre-per-hour wind. “Snow as fine as sand ... would blind and choke anyone venturing outside to brave the elements.”

Routines helped to defuse tensions between members forced to be in each other’s company for long periods of time. Hamilton, who was at the detachment from 1928 to 1930, described his crew’s household rotation: “One man took over the cooking for a week ... scrubbing out the detachment, cleaning the stove, looking after the fire, and keeping the water barrels full of ice. A second man took the meteorological readings, kept the diary, and fed the dogs. Thus, the third man was left to his own devices. ... In this way, no one of us could feel that he was doing more than his share of the work, and it led to better harmony amongst us all.”

Harmony was crucial to survival. Hamilton would have known about the tragic deaths of two officers who had been with earlier detachments at Dundas Harbour.

The first RCMP officers to man the post were constables Victor Maisonneuve, G.T. Makinson, and E. Anstead. They arrived in 1924. In June 1926, just two months before his scheduled departure, Maisonneuve reportedly committed suicide. According to *A Brief History of the RCMP at Dundas Harbour*, by RCMP historian William Beahen, Maisonneuve “died ... near [Dundas Harbour] of a self-inflicted gunshot wound through the head while alone on duty at a temporary seal hunting camp.”

A year later, Constable William Stephens, who was with the second detachment, died in a rifle accident while hunting walrus. Because there are no surviving records of the daily diaries of the post, nor of the investigations of the deaths, the details surrounding both incidents remain unclear.

Both Maisonneuve and Stephens are buried at Dundas Harbour. In recent years, they have received more attention. In August 2006, a Canadian Forces “show the flag” expedition through Lancaster Sound stopped at the abandoned post to repair the picket-fenced graveyard and pay tribute to the Mounties buried there. Reporters with the expedition responded with emotion-soaked coverage. The detachment’s purpose is also conveyed to tourists disgorged by the growing armada of cruise ships that arrive in August and September.

The Mounties who thrived in these harsh conditions lived for the patrols, even though they multiplied the workload and the danger. Short trips were required to keep scores of dogs in shape, as well as to hunt polar bears, seals, and walrus. The heavy sleds, or komatiks, often had to be manhandled up or down steep, icy slopes, over pressure ridges, through snow so deep or slushy it was like pulling through sand, or across sea ice so

thin they didn’t dare stop. Sharp-edged chunks snagged or cut harnesses. Bears were a constant threat. Learning how to handle a dog team was particularly challenging.

“The first time I used a whip, I managed to give myself two lovely black eyes,” Hamilton wrote. Over time, he grew to love dogsled travel. His first overnight run went so well that he was “not very cheerful” when it was time to return to the detachment. He was overjoyed to travel under the moon and northern lights during the Arctic winter’s twenty-four-hour darkness.

There were many hazards. On an early solo run, Hamilton landed in the frigid sound when his dogs abruptly veered to avoid a break in the ice and his sled shot forward.



COURTESY SALLY HAMILTON

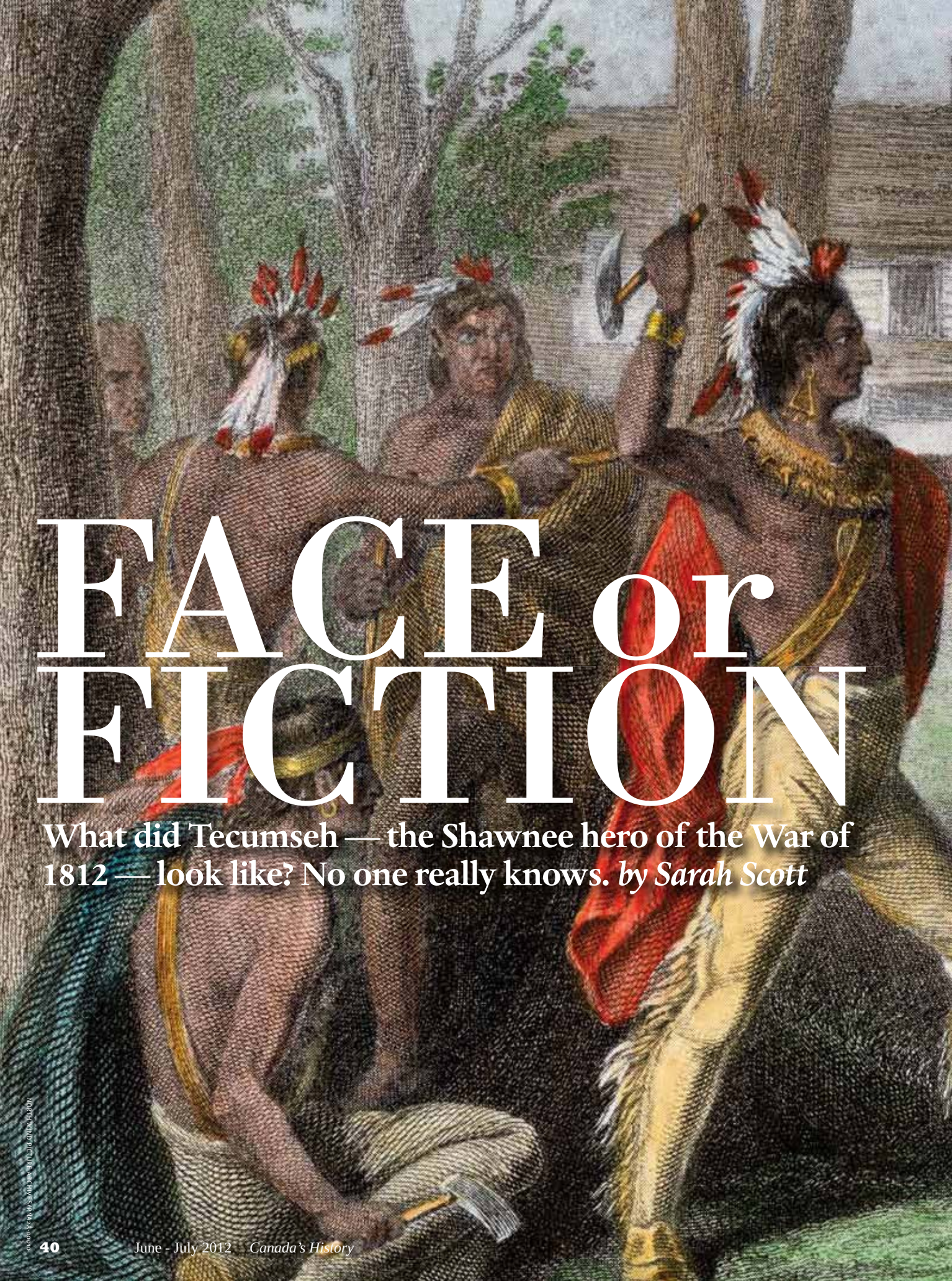
He clung to a harness, got the dogs to pull him out, and hurried to the post: “I was a walking ice statue, and when I arrived [the others] had to cut me out of my deerskins.”

A patrol undertaken by Hamilton and Timbury in March 1930 underscores the difficulties they faced. When they were a couple of days out, Hamilton wrote: “It took us nearly six hours to cover ... approximately eight miles, as our sleds were constantly becoming wedged in the ice or overturned. ... I had a bad crash and broke two of the crossbars of my sled.”

On their most dangerous day of travel, they moved under overhanging cliffs of shale and rock that were topped with large boulders projecting outward. The cliff faces were so cracked and weather-worn, they “seemed ready to crumble into landslides and engulf us at any moment.” They carefully manoeuvred their sleds around large crevasses.

The challenges evidently appealed to Hamilton and Kupkee. Both went back to the North after their initial tours. Today, they might be called extreme adventurers — but without modern gear or the possibility of rescue. They were truly on their own, with a job that made it worthwhile. ●

Above:
Constable
R.W. “Paddy”
Hamilton with
a sled dog at
Craig Harbour,
1930.



FACE or FICTION

What did Tecumseh — the Shawnee hero of the War of 1812 — look like? No one really knows. *by Sarah Scott*

*Gen. Harrison and
Tecumseh, engraved
by W. Ridgway after
a picture by Chapin.
Published in 1878,
this illustration
inaccurately portrays
Tecumseh in a feather
headdress.*



When historian R. David Edmunds was only ten years old, he saw a picture of Tecumseh that would captivate him for most of

his professional life. It was a 1937 oil painting by W. Langdon Kihn that belonged to the National Geographic Society. Tecumseh, a handsome, dignified man, wears a Western-style fringed leather jacket with blue-and-white beading and a splendid red feather headdress. With a rifle in one hand, Tecumseh looks downward, absorbed in intense thought. It was easy for a little boy to fall for this impressive man.



Tecumseh was a princely Shawnee warrior, a hero fighting for a doomed cause, which was to unite Native tribes against white Americans who were grabbing their land and destroying their culture. Looking at the picture, it is easy to imagine what was running through Tecumseh's mind. Tecumseh was to die a hero's death at the Battle of the Thames on October 5, 1813, as he valiantly fought off mounted riflemen from Kentucky while the British, led by General Henry Procter, fled. In the portrait Edmunds saw, Tecumseh looks like he is contemplating his fate.

It wasn't until many years later, when Edmunds was studying Native history en route to becoming a history professor at the University of Texas at Dallas, that he realized

that the wonderful picture was "horribly inaccurate." The artist had dressed up Tecumseh in the clothing of the Plains Indians. Like other artists of his time, Kihn did this to satisfy the stereotypical image of the Native American that the public knew.

In reality, a feather headdress would have been foreign to a Shawnee like Tecumseh. It would be like dressing Napoleon in lederhosen. So while Edmunds still loves Kihn's noble and romantic portrayal of Tecumseh, the historian in him knows the picture is not accurate. Pictures matter just as much as words do, he said: "You can take a picture of Abraham Lincoln and make him look like Sean Connery, but we want to know what a person really did look like."

This is still one of the big questions about Tecumseh: What did he look like? Here is one of the most celebrated Native leaders in our history, the subject of dozens of biographies, historical tomes, children's books, and romantic novels, and yet we still can't answer that question.

The gap may seem peculiar when you consider how famous Tecumseh was. Indiana Governor William Henry Harrison, the future American president and Tecumseh's greatest military and political adversary, was so impressed when he met Tecumseh that he said the chief could have been "the founder of an empire that would rival in glory that of Mexico or Peru." Tecumseh was so well-known that when he died several of his opponents claimed to have shot him. One of them, Colonel Richard M. Johnson, even used a Tecumseh slogan two decades later to campaign for the vice-presidency: "Rumpsey dumpsey, rumpsey dumpsey / Colonel Johnson killed Tecumseh!"

While many Americans regarded Tecumseh as a threat, the British viewed him as a valued ally. Tecumseh played a significant role in the War of 1812 by rallying Native warriors to the British side at a time when the British were wildly outnumbered. "He was a Shawnee warrior chief but also a Canadian hero, right up there with General [Isaac] Brock," says Guy St-Denis, an independent scholar and the author of *Tecumseh's Bones*, a book that examines the mystery of what happened to the great chief's remains. "It would have been very difficult for the British to defend Canada without Native allies, and if it hadn't been for Tecumseh, the British would have had far fewer Indian warriors on their side."

Over time, the story of Tecumseh as a military and political leader has morphed into legend. There was a good reason why, says Edmunds, the author of *Tecumseh and the Quest for Indian Leadership*: "He was the epitome of the nineteenth-century ideal of the noble vanishing red man, a handsome tall red man doomed to failure by his surroundings, but still admirable."

Legends don't require historical accuracy. In a widely circulated 1934 book, *Old Chillicothe*, Tecumseh was cast in the lead role of a doomed romance with an Ohio girl, Rebecca Galloway. He was even lionized as the hero of a series of frontier books for German boys in the 1930s. The author of the series, Fritz Stueben, rewrote history to promote the

W. LANGDON KIHN/NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



This twentieth-century version of an 1858 engraving by Benson John Lossing may be partly based on an actual rough sketch of Tecumseh by Pierre Le Dru.



This frieze in the rotunda of the U.S. Capitol Building depicts Tecumseh being shot by a man on horseback. It contains several inaccuracies.

ideology of the Nazis. “Tecumseh’s swastika was a bundle of black arrows, bound by a tomahawk,” wrote historian John Sugden in *Tecumseh: A Life*. “His SS [was] an elite bodyguard of ‘dog’ soldiers, something inspired by the Plains Warrior societies, but for which the Shawnees had no counterparts.”

Despite his fame, Tecumseh never sat for a portrait. It’s said he would not allow a white man to paint his image. Besides, few artists were willing to venture into areas where Natives were at war with white Americans. But many people described Tecumseh in writing. One of the most vivid descriptions is from a participant at an 1810 conference in the Indiana Territory capital of Vincennes, where Tecumseh met Harrison. Reverend William Wilans wrote: “In both his form and feature, he was as near perfection of manly beauty and symmetry as I could imagine. He was very light in complexion for a full-blooded Indian. He was calm and self-possessed, dignified without any air of assumption or self-importance, modest without timidity, and in general courteous without sycophancy.... He was one of nature’s true noblemen.”

Another description comes from Captain John B. Glegg, one of Brock’s aides-de-camp. He described Tecumseh as being about five foot nine or ten, with an oval-shaped face, aquiline nose, and “bright hazel eyes beaming cheerfulness, energy, and decision.”

While Tecumseh himself did not sit for a portrait, his brother did. In the years leading up to the War of 1812, Tenskwatawa the Prophet was even more famous than Tecumseh.

He led a fundamentalist religious revival to oppose white settlement on tribal lands, and his portrait was painted by artist George Catlin in the early 1830s. But Tenskwatawa apparently bore little resemblance to Tecumseh; he was described as homely and physically awkward, and by the time his portrait was made he was old and without power or influence.

As for Tecumseh, his fame grew during the war and after his death. Publishers needed pictures, so artists got creative. Take, for example, the famous drawing of Tecumseh threatening Harrison with a tomahawk in their legendary meeting at Vincennes in 1810. The artist put the incident in the wrong place — in front of the legislature instead of at Harrison’s house. And Tecumseh would not have worn the type of feathered headdress depicted, either.

The fact that a picture is prominently displayed in a seat of power is no guarantee of accuracy. In Washington, D.C., in the rotunda of the Capitol Building, a handsome frieze displays one of the great moments in American history, the death of Tecumseh. In the frieze, Johnson, decked out in a top hat, shoots Tecumseh and ably controls his frightened horse. The Natives are wearing inauthentic feather headdresses, as



usual. The whole scene is fanciful. “There’s no truth to it,” says St-Denis. “We don’t know who killed Tecumseh.” Even Johnson in his retirement said he couldn’t be sure: “I was in too much of a hurry, when he was advancing upon me, to ask him his name or inquire after the health of his family.”

Similar fictional renderings of Tecumseh illustrate the covers of many books and historical texts. A recent edition of the first biography of Tecumseh, originally published by Benjamin Drake in 1841, features a portrait of a Native American in colonial-style clothing. Is it Tecumseh? Well, no. It might be his son, but the evidence is skimpy. Historians go to great lengths to verify the documents they use, but when it comes to pictures they just grab whatever looks good, says St-Denis: “Invented history is not acceptable,” he said. “When you’re shown a picture that turns out to be invented, that’s a historical lie.”

The closest thing we have to a genuine picture of Tecumseh is an engraving with a mysterious past. It is a mid-nineteenth century engraving that portrays a handsome man with a ring in his nose and long hair under a cap with a feature quill. He’s wearing a large

medallion and a brigadier general’s jacket. The engraving appears in *The Pictorial Field-book of the War of 1812*, written by prolific American historian Benson John Lossing and first published in 1868.

Lossing said he discovered the image of Tecumseh on a visit to Quebec in 1848 when he met the family of fur trader Pierre Le Dru. Le Dru had apparently sketched Tecumseh in Indiana around 1808. For Lossing, this was a major discovery — the only known sketch by a contemporary of the famous Shawnee chief. Lossing rendered the sketch into an engraving, which he modified in 1858 and included in his 1812 history. Lossing

was normally very faithful to the original, but this time he did something different. He combined two sketches — the 1808 sketch of the head of Tecumseh and another rough drawing Lossing saw in Montreal in 1858. Lossing said the second drawing was made at Fort Malden in 1812 soon after the surrender of Detroit, when the Natives were celebrating with a huge feast.

“It was only on gala occasions that Tecumtha [sic] was seen in full dress,” wrote Lossing. “The sketch did not pretend to give a true likeness of the chief and was valuable only as a delineation of his costume. From the two we are enabled to give a pretty faithful picture of the great Shawno-

Below:
Tecumseh’s
brother,
Tenskwatawa
the Prophet,
was painted
from life by
George Catlin
in the early
1830s.



SMITHSONIAN AMERICAN ART MUSEUM/ART RESOURCE, NY

The Shooting Star

The great Shawnee leader Tecumseh is believed to have been born in present-day Ohio in March 1768. Legend has it that a meteor flashed across the sky at his birth, resulting in him being named Tecumseh, which is said to mean “shooting star.”

As a child Tecumseh endured the trauma of war. When Tecumseh was six years old, his father died in a retaliatory raid on Virginia militiamen. At twelve, Tecumseh fled for his life as soldiers from Kentucky burned his home and village to the ground.

Even as a youth, Tecumseh was known for his generosity and compassion and strongly opposed the then-common practice of torturing prisoners. He became a skilled warrior and emerged as a charismatic leader with a vision to unite Aboriginal peoples into a vast confederacy to defend against the takeover of their land by American settlers.

As tensions grew between Britain and the United States, the British were eager to have him and his then more influential brother, Tenskwatawa the Prophet, as allies. Tecumseh was initially reluctant—the British had not kept their promises in the past. And he hoped for peaceful co-existence with the United States. But an 1809 land grab, in which the impoverished Miami tribe sold the American government about ten thousand square kilometres of land inhabited by other Aboriginal nations, infuriated Tecumseh and other Native leaders, who saw it as an act of robbery.

When war broke out between Britain and the United States in June of 1812, Tecumseh and his followers crossed into Canada. Tecumseh joined with British General Isaac Brock in securing a key victory at Detroit in August of 1812. Of Tecumseh, Brock later wrote: “A more sagacious or more gallant a warrior does not, I believe, exist.”

Tecumseh respected Brock but was less impressed with General Henry Procter, who succeeded Brock after his death. In the spring of 1813, British forces and Native allies advanced into Ohio but met fierce resistance. Later, Procter retreated across the border to Moraviantown (near present-day Thamesville, Ontario) with a large American army following.

On October 5, 1813, the Americans attacked. Demoralized British troops immediately broke and ran, leaving Tecumseh’s force of about five hundred to face more than three thousand Americans. Tecumseh died in the battle. His remains were never found and what happened to them remains a mystery.

Despite his tragic end and his failed cause, Tecumseh’s greatness has lived on in legend to the present day.

Le Dru drawing, or Lossing’s working papers for the project, or even any reference to Le Dru.

“It makes you wonder when you can’t find the original sketch or any mention of the artist responsible for it,” said St-Denis. “You have to ask yourself if Pierre Le Dru ever really existed, and if his sketch of Tecumseh wasn’t just invented by Lossing.”

The questions about the Lossing picture of Tecumseh have complicated Canadian efforts to give Tecumseh his due. Although he played a pivotal role in defending Upper Canada against the Americans in the War of 1812, little exists to officially recognize him in this country. As St-Denis tells the story, Tecumseh was designated a person of national historic significance in 1931 amid a frantic search for the chief’s remains. The hunt never did uncover Tecumseh’s bones, so the federal government decided to commemorate Tecumseh near Thamesville, Ontario, with a modest block that included a plaque depicting Tecumseh. The original plaque, designed by National Parks historians, was based on the Lossing engraving of Tecumseh.

When Carl Lewis, one of three chiefs on the National Indian Council of Canada, saw the plaque, he pointed out the obvious: Why was Tecumseh wearing a brigadier general’s jacket? It was an embarrassing error. The plaque was quickly recast so that by the time of its official unveiling in 1963, Tecumseh was in a more acceptable deerskin jacket.

Local historians in Chatham-Kent, though, aren’t satisfied with the modest memorial beside the former Number Two Highway. Lisa Gilbert, chair of the Tecumseh Monument Redevelopment Committee, is trying to raise \$1.5 million to create a head-turner of a monument, plus an open-air museum dedicated to Tecumseh. “Lots of people would like to see a statue of him,” she says. But St-Denis advises caution: “I’d come up with a symbolic representation and leave it at that.”

The latest portrayal of Tecumseh comes from a Canadian pop artist who lives in downtown Toronto, Charles Pachter. The grandson of poor Jewish immigrants, Pachter squirmed in the stiff WASP culture that dominated Toronto in the 1950s and 1960s. Yet he was so fascinated by the WASP world that he decided to examine its historical roots. That led Pachter to the War of 1812 and Tecumseh.

Pachter’s Tecumseh wears a billowing white shirt, a silver band around his arm and a brilliant red sash to go with the red stripe on his face. “I conjured up Daniel Day Lewis,” he said. He’s glad he doesn’t have to contend with an authentic picture of the Shawnee chief. “I’m free to invent and make a fantasy. What did Alexander the Great look like? What about Julius Caesar?”

Does it matter if it’s invented? Pachter is more interested in the character: “He’s defiant but trying to face the sad reality. There’s poignancy here. This is a man knowing his people’s days are numbered.”



CHARLES PACTER

Above: ese [sic] warrior and statesman as he appeared in his best mood.
Toronto When in full dress he wore a cocked hat and plume, but would
artist Charles not give up his blue breech-cloth, red leggings fringed with
Pachter's buckskin, and buckskin moccasins."
invented Tecumseh was never a brigadier general, although the
portrait of British may have given him a red jacket to wear for ceremon-
Tecumseh. nial occasions, said Sugden, who adds that combining the
 two drawings into one was a mistake: "It's a great tragedy he
 made that decision but he did.... The annoying thing is that
 it's the only drawing that has any real claim to show Tecum-
 seh's features, and it was messed up."

Was the person in the picture that Lossing saw in Quebec actually Tecumseh? No one has been able to find the original



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Fairbridge children
depart Liverpool for
Canada April 26,
1940. Kenny Turnbull
is third from right
in the front row. His
lifelong friend Frankie
Collins has his arm
over Kenny's shoulder.
Kenny's brother Den-
nis is on the far right
side of the second row,
beside the girl with the
teddy bear.

Child Migrant

A son tries to find answers about his father's early life as one of thousands of poor British children sent to Canada.

by Steve Turnbull

They sit in the lounge of my father's senior citizens complex, the rigours of age and the richness of experience etched on every face. My father, at eighty, is the youngest of the bunch. Their advanced years lend urgency to my task.

They have come together at my behest to help me gather information about my father's past, a past in which they share a common strand. I had planned this carefully, done quite a bit of research, searched each of them out, and finally found a mutually agreeable day — November 12, 2010. It was fitting that this was the day after Remembrance Day; remember was exactly what I wanted them all to do.

There are five of them: my father, Ken Turnbull, and four others. There is another Ken, tall with a shock of white

are part of a dwindling group known as "Old Fairbridgians." Some, like Peter, were in the first group to arrive more than seventy-five years ago. Others arrived later.

They weren't all close buddies at the school, but as adults they could talk to each other about the trauma of forced separation from their families and the challenges of institutional life. Such a life can only be fully understood by those who have lived it.

My questions were almost secondary to the feelings I was observing. Any one question could — and often did — lead to an emotion-driven tangent of mutual acquaintances, events, and stories. At times, I just sat back and soaked it all in. I noticed how one man would be robust and effusive while telling a story that everyone already knew, while another man would be lost deep in his own thoughts, prompting me to wonder what he was not sharing with the rest of us.

As for my father, I can't remember the last time I have seen him so excited. The giddiness he displayed that day was in stark contrast to the old man he has become. He struggles to walk, his hands sometimes shake, and he doesn't hear well. He usually watches the world warily, with the instincts of a survivor. But on that day, he seemed young again, and I thought I caught a glimpse of the pugnacious little boy he once was.

Picture him huddling with twenty-nine other children on the dock at Liverpool, waiting to board the ship that will take him to a new life. He is probably shivering in his short grey trousers — part of the uniform all the children are wearing, complete with tie and a little "Fairbridge" badge in his lapel. He has reason to shiver; it is a chilly day in late April 1940. At only nine years of age, Kenny Turnbull is also trembling with excitement, about to embark on a great adventure aboard the *SS Duchess of Bedford*, bound for Quebec City and Montreal. That little boy is my father, and this is the pivotal moment in his life as he sets off from England to a new life in Canada.

This new life was at the largesse of the Fairbridge Society, founded by Kingsley Ogilvie Fairbridge, a third-generation English colonist from southern Africa. Fairbridge first visited England in 1903 when he was eighteen. Used to the wide-open spaces of the African veldt, the young man was shocked by the overcrowding and poverty of England's large cities and was particularly appalled by the large number of working-class children living in squalid, unstable homes in city slums. "The waste of it all," he wrote later. "Children's lives wasting while the Empire cried aloud for men." An ardent imperialist, he saw an opportunity to ease their plight and aid his beloved British Empire.

He thought up a scheme to send the children to "farm schools" in the colonies. This would produce agriculturally trained young men and domestically skilled young women to populate the Empire and consolidate its British character.

By 1909, Fairbridge and fifty supporters had formed the Child Emigration Society. With the help of influential supporters, the first farm school was set up in Western Australia in 1912.



COURTESY WALTER MUSEUM & ARCHIVES 1997/9.2.1

A farewell party for Fairbridge children at B.C. House in England, October 28, 1937. hair and a dignified bearing. Frank is short and energetic, still feisty after all these years. Ted is another tall one, very quiet, pensive, almost reluctant to speak. Peter is stout and pleasant with a gentle presence; he shows his age more than the others. Looking at this collection of time-worn faces, I find it hard to believe that any of them were once children. Yet their childhood is what I am most interested in.

To prepare for the meeting, I have composed a large number of carefully selected questions, which I hope to get answered with methodical efficiency. Looking back, I realize I should have remembered the immortal words of the poet Robbie Burns: "The best laid schemes of mice and men oft go awry." Almost from the moment we sat down together, any control I thought I had evaporated. We were soon lost in a warm atmosphere of reminiscence and shared experience.

These men shared a strong bond: They were all originally from England; they were all given away by their parents; and they all spent part of their childhood at the Prince of Wales Fairbridge Farm School in British Columbia. They

Philip Tipler, who arrived at Fairbridge Farm School near Duncan, B.C., in 1938, stands beside a bell used to signal daily events at Fairbridge.



Renamed Fairbridge Farm Schools Inc. in 1935, the organization eventually included three farm schools and other settlement schemes in Australia, a school in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe), and the Prince of Wales Fairbridge Farm School in Canada. The latter, which opened in 1935, was Kenny's ultimate destination.

In Canada, growing opposition to child immigration complicated the establishment of the farm school. Various women's and children's advocacy groups opposed the practice because of instances where children were abused and inadequately supervised. The 1923 suicides of three "Barnardo boys" labouring under harsh conditions in Ontario further inflamed opposition.

In 1925, the Canadian government banned the immigration of children under fourteen who were not accompanied by a parent. Despite this, Fairbridge supporters lobbied the government of Prime Minister R.B. Bennett to relax the ban. These supporters, who included British Columbia Premier T.D. Pattullo, paved the way for a visit to Ottawa by Fairbridge chairman Roger Lumley, who secured the commitment he was looking for. According to Lumley, Immigration Minister W.A. Gordon said "he considered the foreign element was getting too large and Canada must increase her British stock."

Following page:
Boxing class
at Fairbridge
School, 1937.

Below: Kinglsey
Fairbridge,
founder of the
Fairbridge
Society.



There was strong support for a Fairbridge farm school among British Columbia's political and business leaders. Many were of English ancestry and felt an affinity for its institutions and traditions, which included a sense of noblesse oblige toward the poor and downtrodden.

In 1934, the society launched a major fundraising campaign led by the Prince of Wales — the future King Edward VIII, after whom the school was named. By the autumn of that year, enough money was raised to purchase a four-hundred-hectare site at Cowichan Station, about three kilometres south of Duncan, British Columbia, on Vancouver Island. The first children arrived in September 1935.

In its first years the school was a *cause célèbre* among the social elite. It received visitors such as Lord Tweedsmuir, the Governor General of Canada, as well as the Lord Mayor of London and Edward Beatty, the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The famous author Rudyard Kipling left the school \$300,000 when he died in 1936.

In its 1935 report, the Fairbridge Society reaffirmed its desire to help children "who are suffering cruelty and neglect ... condemned to a life of squalor, where there is relentless injury to body and soul." It would ensure they would be "rescued from these dire conditions and a future of health, happiness, and purpose secured for them." Most of the children Fairbridge rescued were not orphans — they had at least one parent living but came from families that could not support them or did not want them.

My father was one of the children Fairbridge "rescued."

Kenny Turnbull was born in Newcastle in 1930, one of the youngest in a large working-class family. He lost his mother to childbirth before he turned three. He lost his father to alcohol. "He disappeared inside a bottle," was how Dad described it when we were talking about him one day. The memory of his father made Dad grit his teeth with contained rage.

When older sisters could no longer look after them, Kenny and his older brother Dennis became dependent on their "old man," who spent most of his time in the local pub. The young boys were often left to fend for themselves, which included stealing food from local street vendors.

At some point, their father, James Turnbull, decided to send his two youngest sons abroad. He had heard about Fairbridge from his niece, who had sent her son Joseph to one of the Australian Fairbridge schools. After some hesitation, he signed over custody of his sons. On the Fairbridge application form, James wrote of Kenny: "His mother died six years ago and since then I have looked after all my children with the help of my elder daughters. Having heard of Fairbridge from Miss Hall [his niece] I feel I should like [Kenny] to have the same chance as his cousin Joseph...."

By July 1939, Kenny and Dennis were on the Flying Scotsman train from Newcastle to London, arriving at the Fairbridge hostel, Creagh House, late in the evening. My father remembers Creagh House as a dark and brooding place, "something straight out of *Oliver Twist*." His



COWICHAN VALLEY MUSEUM & ARCHIVES 1997.7.7.1

The best thing Fairbridge did for me was put me on the boxing team. It saved my hide many times.

Dickensian allusion applies to his first Fairbridge experience, when the staff decided they must eat before going to bed. They were served a fruit cup containing something Dad had never before seen: grapefruit. When he wouldn't eat it, he was force-fed. Sadly, this would not be Kenny's last negative memory of his Fairbridge experience.

While at Creagh the children received vaccinations plus medical and intelligence tests, since the overseas dominions did not want "defective" children. Their original destination was Australia. They were to sail September 6, 1939.

However, world events conspired to sink these plans. Britain declared war on Germany on September 3. The next day, the Fairbridge children were moved to the English countryside on orders from London County Council. They were among three million people — most of them schoolchildren — removed from English cities at the outbreak of the war. The Turnbull brothers and several others found themselves in the tiny hamlet of Compton-Martin in Somerset, near Bristol, where they lived with local families until spring of the following year.

The Fairbridge organization decided to send the boys to Canada, although this was not what their father had originally agreed to. James wanted them in Australia, so that they could join their cousin. Also, he was getting criticism from other members of his family, who accused him of "selling" his children. James asked Fairbridge to give him his sons back. But the society had full custody and ignored

his request.

The Fairbridge children finally left Liverpool on April 26. Also on board the *Bedford* were hundreds of airmen bound for training in Canada. Nighttime blackouts to guard against submarine attacks added to the sense of adventure.

The ship arrived safely in Montreal on May 3. There the children began the next leg of their journey — a five-day trip on a CPR train bound for Vancouver. As the train steamed across the West, Kenny looked hard for the "cowboys and Indians" he knew from the motion picture theatres in Newcastle — images of Buck Jones and Tom Mix galloped through his head. In fact, a few cowboys did ride alongside the train swinging lassoes "to impress us kids," but I don't think they were up to Dad's cinematic standards.

When the train pulled into Vancouver on May 8, the children were news. According to the *Vancouver Province*, they were "as fine a bunch of youngsters as we have ever brought over here." An editorial in the same paper said they were "among the most promising of our young immigrants.... Canada should do with dozens of Fairbridge schools with thousands instead of scores of young immigrants."

No sooner had the bus entered the gates of the farm school later that day than it was swarmed by dozens of children. My father has always faced the world with bravado, yet when he spoke about the day he arrived at Fairbridge he looked uncharacteristically vulnerable. Though his telling of the trip from England had been upbeat, even jocular,

Right: Cottage mother Miss Blanshard and her flock are about to attend church, circa 1945–46.

Inset: Seventeen-year-old Ken Turnbull in 1948.



he now turned sullen and sad. Staring at the floor, with downturned mouth and furrowed brow, Dad recalled: “All these urchins in their short pants were running alongside the bus, and I thought, I’ve got to live with all these people? How long do I have to live here?” It turned out that Fairbridge would be his home for the next six years.

By 1940, the school had evolved into a considerable operation, including a sixteen-hectare village of cottages for the children, a two-hundred-and-fifty-seat dining hall, a principal’s house, and an office. There was also a large day school and gymnasium built and staffed by the local school board. A chapel, staff residences, small hospital, support buildings, playing fields, and a nearby working farm rounded out this idyllic community.

Befitting the distinctly English flavour of the place, the children’s cottages had names such as Queen Mary, Liverpool, and St. Georges. Each cottage accommodated fourteen children and a so-called cottage mother to supervise and guide the children. The cottages had a small kitchen-eating area, a dormitory, and a private apartment for the cottage mother. The quality of any child’s life depended heavily on his cottage mother.

Some speak fondly of these cottage mothers; others less so. Dad has no kind words for one of his cottage mothers: “She was not raising children, she was overseeing inmates. She was a prison matron.” According to Dad, she was stiff, aggressive, and easily provoked. A woman in her forties, she was also neat, fastidious, and austere dressed, with straight short black hair that crowned a face that rarely smiled. As Dad quips: “The hair kind of describes her — black. She had an aura of darkness around her.”

The cottage mother was part of the machinery of routine at Fairbridge. “Virtually every hour of every day was scheduled and controlled,” Dad says. The children would rise at six o’clock, clean the cottage, make their beds, and then attend breakfast in the dining hall. School began at nine and adjourned at noon for lunch, the main meal of the day. Classes resumed at 1:30 p.m. and continued until 3:30 p.m. Chores, such as milking the cows, followed. Supper was served in the cottages followed by homework. Bedtime was seven o’clock for the youngest, half past eight for the older children. This routine was punctuated with the ringing of a large locomotive bell in the village.

The children were expected to participate in sports.

For my father, that meant boxing: “The best thing Fairbridge did for me was put me on the boxing team. I didn’t have a choice; they decided. I was too short for basketball and too small for the other teams, so they decided I was going to be a boxer. It saved my hide many times.” In the rather tumultuous years he experienced after leaving Fairbridge, he used this skill to defend himself, get even, or get a girl. He also used it at the school; it was common for the bigger, tougher kids to pick on the smaller ones.



BRITISH COLUMBIA ARCHIVES

Weekends included more chores and church on Sunday but also much-coveted free time in the afternoons. This time could be lost due to bad behaviour. Dad smiles wryly as he recalls how one of his cottage mothers — not the prison matron — would punish him: “Whenever I did something wrong, she would give me ten hours on the woodpile. I owed probably a thousand hours; I’d still be there chopping wood if I’d had to do them all.”

This woman was his last cottage mother, and he remembers her as fair and kind; her woodpile punishment

was probably more an expression of exasperation than anger. "I figure I deserved it; I could be quite a handful," he admits. "Besides, I could work off my wood-chopping hours by agreeing to serve tea for her when she had the other cottage mothers over to her apartment for tea on Saturday afternoons. Sometimes I think she assigned me woodpile duty so that she could bargain it into tea service."

For serious infractions, such as theft, the farm school had men known as "duties masters" who meted out corporal punishment. At least one was described as sadistic.

At age fifteen, the children became "trainees." For most, this meant that their school days were over. The trainee boys worked long hours on the farm, alternating between the dairy, horse barn, chickens, crops, and other duties. The girls trained in domestic arts.

They were placed in employment when they reached sixteen. Girls often went into domestic service with affluent families; boys usually got agricultural jobs. My father got a job as a hand on a large chicken farm near Nanaimo, but he didn't last long. He drifted from job to job for several years. Some of those years were spent on the mean streets of Vancouver. It was there that Kenny finally caught up with his older brother. Dennis had left the school three years earlier than Kenny. "Fairbridge didn't even tell me where he was after he left; I didn't know until Dennis sent me a letter and a present the following Christmas."

As was the case with the vast majority of B.C.'s Fairbridge kids, Dad spent his life working in blue-collar jobs. In my father's somewhat cynical view, the school's real purpose was "to provide labourers and housemaids for the Empire."

While Dad was off working, things were not working so well at Fairbridge. Complaints from a former cottage mother led the province's Child Welfare Branch to investigate the school in 1944. Its report found, among other things, poorly trained and incompetent staff, poor after-care for students who were out working, and a lack of comprehensive case files. Most damning of all, some of the staff were accused of sexual misconduct with students.

The society agreed to replace several problem employees, improve after-care, and make complete case files available to government social workers. Also, a local board of governors was set up that included provincial government and Children's Aid Society representatives among its members.

Despite these reforms, problems persisted. The farm school had become a very expensive institution. Local board members began to question the point of struggling to pay for institutionalized child care; most of them favoured placing children in foster homes. They voted to close the school; it gradually wound down over the next few years. By 1952, the last of the children had been placed with foster families. In the end, 329 boys and girls passed through the school.

The society continued to provide "after-care" to Fairbridgians who had left the farm school but were still

under the age of twenty-one. My father scoffs at the use of this term. "After they abandoned me is more like it," he says.

When Kenny was placed with the Nanaimo chicken farm, an after-care officer visited him only once. Kenny's complaints about terrible living conditions were dismissed. According to Dad, this was the last time any Fairbridge staffer visited him over the next five years, a period that included his living in precarious conditions in Vancouver and sometimes going hungry.

In the context of his life in Newcastle, it is hard for me not to see Fairbridge as an improvement. However, Dad still reveals flashes of anger when he recalls the sometimes harsh discipline, the regimentation of daily life, the bullying by

Sending the children away

Fairbridge was among the last of Britain's great child migration schemes, which began back in 1618 when destitute children were sent to the Virginia Colony, where most died under harsh conditions.

From 1870 to 1957, more than one hundred thousand British children were sent to Canada by various religious and philanthropic organizations. One of the better-known organizations was Barnardo's Homes, which sent about thirty thousand children to Canada.

Most of the children were under the age of fourteen and came from urban slums. Often referred to as home children, they usually lived with families and worked as domestic helpers or farm labourers. The children's living and working conditions were poorly regulated, which left the children vulnerable to abuse.

Highly publicized cases of abuse led to a Canadian ban on child migrants, which was introduced in 1925 and made permanent in 1928. But the Fairbridge Society was exempted from the legislation and continued sending children to Canada until the late 1940s.

bigger boys, and, most of all, the enduring sense that he was cut loose to fend for himself at only sixteen.

Fairbridge would not have felt that it had abandoned either Dad or Dennis. They were tracked for many years. Indeed, when Dennis died suddenly in 1970, the society learned of it the day it happened and sent us flowers and condolences. Harry Logan, principal of the farm school for most of my father's time there, attended the funeral. Logan still holds a special place in Dad's heart as the closest thing to a father that he has ever known.

This speaks to a contradiction: On the one hand, Dad's childhood at Fairbridge can spark his wrath. But at times his memories also evoke fondness for people like Logan.

Dad talked about Fairbridge a lot when I was growing up. Fairbridge stories surfaced with such frequency that I catalogued them in a mental archive under such titles as "The Manure Fight," "Bob the Stallion," and so on. These stories, which often assumed epic proportions — and the memorable nicknames that seemingly every boy had — speak to an enduring and endearing sense of camaraderie



The writer at age five, with his father, Ken Turnbull, age twenty-nine, Christmas 1959.

that Dad carries with him to this day. Many of his closest friends, men I saw regularly as I was growing up, were Fairbridge kids.

He spoke of his friends fondly. There was Ernie Todd, a diminutive scrapper who never backed away from a fight and who earned his nickname, “Blackie,” because he always had a black eye. And there was Ron Gunnell, another close pal. He was a tall, quiet, stoic, and solitary soul who spent a lifetime working in forestry. He and Dad stayed in touch until he died.

Even now, seven decades on, I can see an almost familial recognition when Old Fairbridgians meet. Though they often distinguish themselves from one another by virtue of their arrival date — “The May 1940 Party,” “The June 1936 Party” — the shared experience forms a strong bond.

My childhood memories include family visits to the Fairbridge site in the 1960s. Dad toured us around the site and conjured up images of friends and rivals, details of what happened and where.

When I asked Dad why it was so important to him that his kids see the old school site, he seemed surprised that I would need to ask: “I didn’t have any family to show you; I couldn’t introduce you to your grandparents. The school was the only real connection to my past. It was all I had to pass on to you from my childhood.”

Unfortunately, to me as a child, the place was just a collection of ramshackle buildings. But to my father, these structures included centrepieces of his childhood. The dining hall, the day school, and the hospital were all demolished in the late 1970s. Only the cottages remained — they were transferred to private owners.

In the spring of 2011, I returned to the Fairbridge site. As I stood there, I thought about how I missed a chance to get a closer look at the places that played such an important role in my father’s life. Perhaps

I should have realized, even as a distractible ten-year-old, just how important Fairbridge was to him. I wish I had paid more attention. Instead I find myself looking back, struggling with my own memory, harvesting my father’s fading recollections while he quietly suffers my barrage of questions.

I suspect that most people of my generation have found or will find themselves in a similar predicament. As our parents become elderly and increasingly fragile, our idle curiosity about their pasts turns into a sense of urgency.

This sense of urgency was driven home to me just two weeks after our November gathering. I was going to visit Peter. I had more questions, and he had some Fairbridge photos for me to borrow. But when I arrived I was told that Peter had passed away the previous day. If ever I needed a reminder to act quickly, this was it.

In the end, after digging into my father’s childhood, I concluded that despite his Fairbridge upbringing, or even because of it, Dad was able to live a fairly normal life. He had a wife and children whom he loved and who loved him. He had a productive working life, including a successful stint in the Royal Canadian Air Force — something he credits to Fairbridge because it acclimatized him to an institutional environment. At Fairbridge he learned how to survive and succeed in a regimented setting; he knew when to bend the rules, when to lay low, and when to fight.

Other Old Fairbridgians I have known over the years had similar patterns of success. Some have more pleasant memories than my father, and they credit the place with improving their lives. Their productive, meaningful lives and contributions to society are a legacy Fairbridge left to Canada.

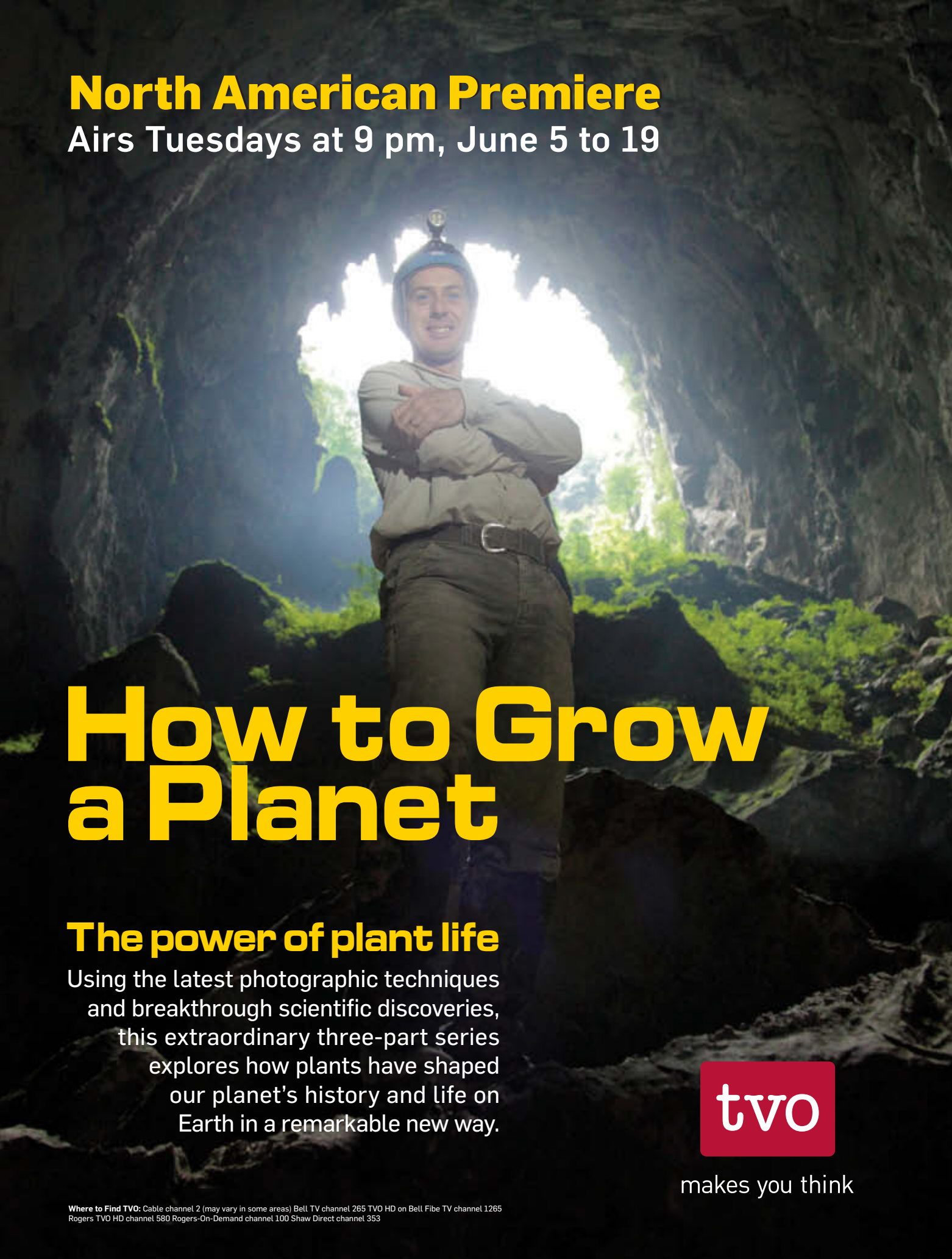
Fairbridge even improved my own life. Years ago, the society established a bursary fund for the children and grandchildren of Fairbridge alumni, a version of which carries on today. This fund helped pay for my university education.

My father has never let go of his Fairbridge connection. He has attended many reunions of Old Fairbridgians. These reunions have continued, with growing significance, since many of the oldest alumni have passed away.

My dad had some negative experiences, to be sure. Yet he fared better than some Fairbridgians. At least Dad knew who his brothers and sisters were and how to reach them. There are many tales of painful separations among child migrants. For this reason, the British government now funds the reunification of child migrants and their families.

Whatever his childhood experiences, Dad is without doubt a proud Canadian — something for which he can thank Fairbridge. I certainly do.

Dad is what he is in no small part because of his Fairbridge experience. Kenny has come a long way from that little boy shivering on the Liverpool docks. ●



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Facing the fire

Halli Dee Lilburn describes how her grandparents fought to save a community and its history.



Smoke from the 1935 wildfire looms over the village of Waterton at Waterton Lakes National Park in southwestern Alberta.



Alvin and Hilda Reid.

COURTESY HALLI DEE LILBURN

I never knew my grandparents but I know one of their stories. It's about how they faced a life-and-death situation while visiting Waterton National Park in southern Alberta in the summer of 1935.

Hilda and Alvin Reid had been married for eight years and were vacationing with my grandmother's family, the Petersens, for whom holidaying at Waterton was a time-honoured tradition. The park borders Glacier National Park in Montana and was first set aside as a protected area in 1895. By 1931, Waterton's townsite had expanded to include five restaurants, a dancehall, a school, two churches, and many summer cottages.

Even during the darkest days of the Depression, when a lack of paying customers shuttered the then-new Prince of Wales Hotel, families still came and camped in the stately hotel's shadow.

In August of 1935, Alvin, Hilda, two of

Hilda's sisters, and their boyfriends were frolicking in the glacial water of Lower Waterton Lake when a park ranger's truck rolled down the road and right onto the beach.

My grandfather, who at thirty-six was the oldest of the group, stepped up to the warden to ask what was up.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to pack up and leave the park," the warden told him. "There is a forest fire spreading up from Glacier Park and it will reach us by this evening. We need to evacuate."

Their moods sank as they looked southward and saw a menacing brown cloud drifting over the ridge of Mount Richards and creeping towards them into Waterton Valley. It carried with it the distant roar of a raging fire and the smell of wood smoke. The fire was advancing rapidly.

Alvin drove half of the group to the campsite — there wasn't room for all of them in his Model T. Hilda and the oth-

ers walked back, and by the time they reached the edge of town they had towels wrapped around their heads to block the smoke.

All the available men, including my grandfather, were sent to Bertha Creek to build a firebreak, which involved digging trenches with shovels. The stakes were high. If the fire jumped the creek, it would hit the townsite, threatening the lives of everyone there.

Many people had already evacuated. In fact, the story was that one family was in such a rush that they were halfway out of the park before they realized they had left their baby behind.

Hilda and her sisters Chloe and Geneva chose to stay. Still in her bathing suit, Hilda, who was twenty-seven, found some of Alvin's clothes and shoes and pulled them on. The women went to work hauling water hoses by pack mule. They set the hoses to soak nearby trees and the

rooftops of cabins, working until it was too dark to see.

The town went into full emergency mode. A tour boat shuttled men and supplies from the townsite to Border Bay on the American side. The tour boat captain went without sleep to take horses, shovels, axes, food, and sleeping gear down Lower Waterton Lake.

On the American side, the Civilian Conservation Corps had been fighting the fire for a couple of days.

The Prince of Wales was opened up and transformed into firefighting central. Cabin owners afraid of losing their possessions stacked their furniture in the grand lobby, then fled. Volunteer firefighters camped under ornate chandeliers, and curled on the floor in their sleeping bags to get some rest before their next shift. With telephone lines burned down, there was no use trying to communicate with the outside world.

By the time the Petersen sisters had finished their shift and arrived at the Prince of Wales for their break, it was two o'clock in the morning. Before dropping off to sleep, they viewed the progress of the fire from a wall of windows that looked out to the startling view of tiny lights, like distant street lamps, dancing along the tops of the otherwise black mountains. It was both eerie and beautiful. The reality of the heat and smoke and flying ash seemed far away as they watched the silent, fairy-like flames twirling in the tops of the pine trees.

By morning, fire departments from surrounding areas had joined the fight. The news was mostly good. A few spot fires had jumped the creek, but the men had put them out by digging trenches and lighting backfires. No one got hurt. The wind was now driving the fire away from the town.

When the men finally returned from the fire front, the Petersen sisters were waiting on the docks. Despite working straight through the night, Alvin had enough energy to break into a wide smile at the sight of Hilda: "You look good in pants," he said. "You look good in anything," she

deadpanned, relieved that he had returned unharmed.

Today, when I take my family camping in Waterton, I feel a deep appreciation for what my grandparents and their contemporaries did to help save this historical place. The Prince of Wales Hotel — now a

National Historic Site — remains the townsite's most distinctive landmark. Waterton continues to be a destination of choice for countless people from around the globe. ●

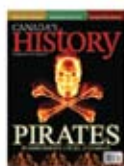
Poet and author Halli Dee Lilburn lives in Rosemary, Alberta.

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CODE BREAKING

Hearts and Minds: Canadian Romance at the Dawn of the Modern Era, 1900-1930

by Dan Azoulay
University of Calgary Press, Calgary, 2011
300 pp., illus., \$34.95 paperback

When Canadians went courting in the Edwardian era, their every step was circumscribed by a massive and largely unwritten code of conduct. Rules abounded, but most people seemed fuzzy on the details. Parental authority was supreme, if arbitrary. Only the lonely hearts columnists — and their correspondents — could offer young Canadians anonymous and disinterested advice about matters of the heart.

Drawing on twenty thousand letters published in the personal columns of two long-forgotten Canadian magazines, Dan Azoulay's new book *Hearts and Minds* documents, dissects, and catalogues the romantic lives of Canadians in the decades immediately before and after the Great War. Azoulay's research breakthrough, which he pioneered in earlier work, lies in recognizing that these letters comprise a substantial record of the views of everyday Canadians of that era. Other historical studies of Canadian romance, he points out, have been limited to the social elite and/or the tiny sample of those who left memoirs, diaries, letters, or other personal papers.

In the first four of its five chapters, *Hearts and Minds* follows an orderly pattern that is mostly illuminating but occasionally wearying for the lay reader. The author states a thesis and then supports it with numerous quotations from the letters (and, occasionally, from other sources). For findings that offer no surprise, the exhaustive explanations satisfy the exigencies of scholarship more than reader curiosity.

For example, Azoulay demonstrates at length that the most frequently desired characteristic in a prospective husband was an ability to be a "good provider" — not exactly "hold the presses!" material.

Still, the strength of this section of the book rests in its relentless exposition of the rigid, complex, and unforgiving code that regulated the conduct of almost all interactions between single men and women, starting with the preliminaries to their first meetings and extending through engagement, should they be so lucky. Decorous as such conventions might have seemed in the salons of England's Home Counties or the Montreal suburb of Westmount, they were a virtual impossibility in the vast and sparsely populated spaces of rural Canada, particularly the West. In reality, thousands of Canadians lacked socially acceptable channels for striking up meaningful relationships with members of the opposite sex.

Indeed, the author makes it clear that many men in Western Canada resented the easier access to female company that was enjoyed, in their imaginations, by their undeserving and effeminate eastern brethren. One could readily postulate — although Azoulay does not — that sexual jealousy was right up there with banks and freight rates as a root cause of Western alienation. For this perspective alone, *Hearts and Minds* earns a gold star in my book.

A fifth chapter and an epilogue show how young Canadians coped in their personal lives with the Great War and its aftermath. Arguably, romance was one of the first casualties, as conflict separated most men and women more effectively than any code of conduct.

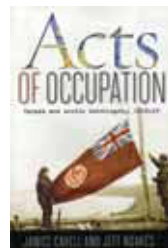
Equally, it can be said that the code was itself a casualty of the war. With an entire generation of young men killed, maimed, or traumatized, the drawing-room niceties of the pre-war era seemed ridiculous, not only to the returning soldiers but also to all but the most sheltered women. In this section of the book, the heartfelt words of young Canadians drive the narrative, consigning the ever-present scholarly apparatus to the background.

I do have a quibble about Azoulay's sources. Perhaps he has addressed such concerns elsewhere, but I found no evidence here that he has any qualms about the authenticity

of the letters or the identity of "Prim Rose," the purported editor of one of the columns. One recalls the cynical male "agony aunt" in Nathanael West's *Miss Lonelyhearts* — a fictional creation to be sure, but one consistent with the publishing culture of that era. To my mind, we cannot assume that Prim Rose was just one person, a woman, who selected and edited material for publication without bias, embellishment, or worse.

That said, the sheer size of the resources Azoulay has marshalled implies a robustness that cannot be dismissed on a quibble. Students of the field will respect *Hearts and Minds* for its creative identification and analysis of an innovative resource. Those with an interest in how our grandparents courted will appreciate Azoulay's affable and insightful narrative — even if we choose to skim passages that offer more corroboration than we need.

Reviewed by **Paul Jones**, a retired publisher, a family historian, and a director of Canada's History Society.



ON THIN ICE

Acts of Occupation: Canada and Arctic Sovereignty, 1918-25

by Janice Cavell and Jeff Noakes
University of British Columbia Press,
Vancouver, 2010
348 pp., illus., \$34.95 paperback

From Far and Wide: A Complete History of Canada's Arctic Sovereignty

by Peter Pigott
Dundurn, Toronto, 2011
312 pp., illus., \$35 hardcover

As climate change makes the possibility of regular ice-free shipping through the Northwest Passage more likely, there has been an increasing number of books devoted to

exploring the question of Arctic sovereignty. *Acts of Occupation* and *From Far and Wide* follow a string of books published in the past few years, such as *Polar Imperative*, by Shelagh D. Grant, and *Who Owns the Arctic*, by Michael Byers. These titles are the tip of the iceberg — so to speak — suggesting that this topic is not cooling down.

Acts of Occupation looks at a fascinating period between 1918 and 1925, when the age of heroic Arctic exploration was coming to an end and the cautious work of federal bureaucrats to establish Canada's policy on Arctic sovereignty was just beginning. Personalities such as explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson — a ruthlessly ambitious adventurer with a talent for self-promotion — wrangled with stodgy civil servants like J.B. Harkin, Canada's first parks commissioner, who regarded the Arctic as part of his domain and thus positioned himself as a player in foreign policy.

The book makes the people behind some of the farcical events of the period come to life. We learn, for instance, that Stefansson, hoping to receive government funding for a new Arctic expedition, fuelled unfounded fears in Ottawa that Denmark had designs on the Arctic territory claimed by Canada. Harkin, ignorant of Arctic history, took Stefansson seriously, leading to a flurry of bumbling diplomatic action.

Meanwhile, Stefansson did not get the government backing he hoped for, so he led his own unsanctioned expedition to claim Wrangel Island — traditionally Russian territory — for Britain in 1921. Four young men died trying to settle the remote island.

Harkin, although successful as parks commissioner, is described as out of his depth in pushing forward his own plans for the Arctic. Harkin was so overconfident that an acquaintance once wryly remarked, "King Henry 8, J.B. Harkin, God, and the

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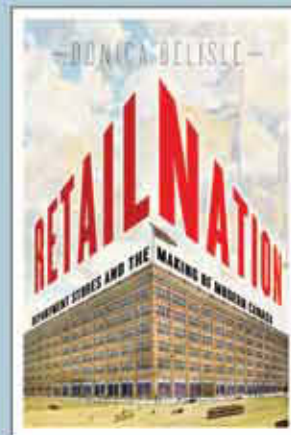
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Pope will have a great time some day when they all meet.”

Although Harkin didn't really trust Stefansson, he was enthusiastic about one of the latter's plans — basically turning Ellesmere Island into a giant muskox ranch. But domesticating the muskox proved unviable. A similar plan to make Baffin Island a grazing range for reindeer imported from Norway also went nowhere.

Since they plumb previously untapped archives, authors Janice Cavell and Jeff Noakes uncover long-hidden but fascinating details about this period.

As its title implies, Peter Pigott's *From Far and Wide* offers a much broader view of the topic. It covers areas already well trodden by others, but it does so in a lively, even poetic way.

In his introduction, Pigott, a former

employee of the Department of Foreign Affairs, describes the book as a play in six acts. Act one is an overview of the British Royal Navy's role in Arctic exploration. There is a grisly description of how the Franklin expedition came to be poisoned by tinned stew sold to the navy by an unscrupulous London entrepreneur who mixed in bone, hair, and yard dirt and poured it all into lead-soldered cans treated with arsenic.

Act two covers commercial interests in the North — the fur trade and the gold rush — while act three deals with late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century exploration. The frenzy of American military activity in the North during the Second World War is the focus of act four, while acts five and six cover the construction of the Cold War DEW line and, finally, the concerns of

the present day.

Pigott's lively writing will appeal to a non-expert looking for an engaging overview of Canada's history in the Arctic.

Reviewed by **Nelle Oosterom**, the Senior Editor of *Canada's History* magazine.

More Books



Canadians at War: A Guide to the Battlefields of World War I

by Susan Evans Shaw

Goose Lane, Fredericton, New Brunswick, 2011

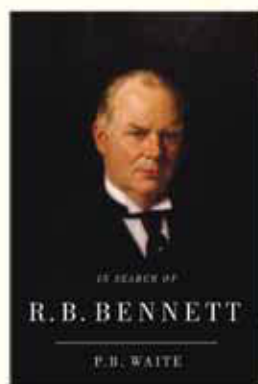
352 pp., illus., \$24.95 paperback

With its one hundredth anniversary quickly approaching, interest in the First World War is sure to increase sig-

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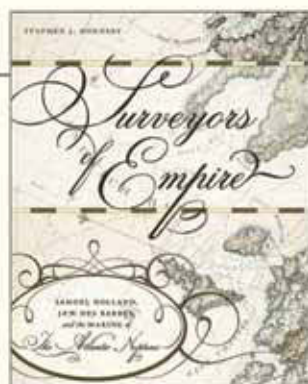
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P.B. Waite

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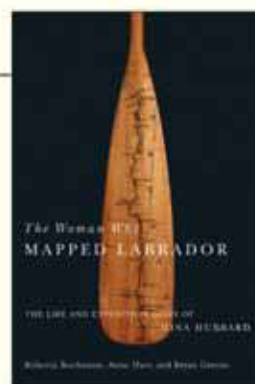


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nificantly. More and more Canadians will no doubt make their way to Europe to explore the battlefields, monuments, and cemeteries where their ancestors fought and died.

Susan Evans Shaw's interest in the war began the same way as that of many descendants of those who served — with an old shoebox of letters handed down from one generation to the next. Her grandfather was killed only weeks before the end of the war, and in his letters she finally began to understand the man she never knew.

When she followed in his footsteps on her own trip to Europe, she was inspired to share the memorials and cemeteries with other Canadians. The resulting book, *Canadians at War: A Guide to the Battlefields of World War I*, is divided into short day trips

around key sites and towns in France and Belgium.

While her directions are not always easy to follow, Shaw recommends some widely available maps to complement her suggested trips. The book's many historic maps provide readers with a sense of the ebb and flow of the battlefield, and it includes excellent historic and contemporary photos.

But what makes this book most accessible are its sense of discovery and the personal tone imparted by Shaw. Readers are allowed to share her interest and enjoyment at each discovery and unique location.

Pick up a copy of this excellent guidebook and start planning your own pilgrimage to mark the upcoming anniversary.

— Joel Ralph



Outside the Box: The Life and Legacy of Writer Mona Gould, the Grandmother I Thought I Knew

by Maria Meindl
McGill-Queen's University Press,
Montreal, 2011
314 pp., illus., \$34.95 hardcover

Maria Meindl shared a close relationship with her grandmother, Mona Gould. When Gould died and left her papers and journals to the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library at the University of Toronto, Meindl took on the job of sifting through the boxes and boxes — thirty-eight in total — of her grandmother's writing.

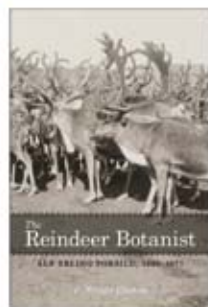
Gould could be described as a flamboyant and, in her later years, eccentric lady. She wrote for numerous newspapers and magazines from the 1920s onward and penned the well-known poem "This Was My Brother," which was published in one of her three books of poetry in the 1940s.

She went on to have a successful radio



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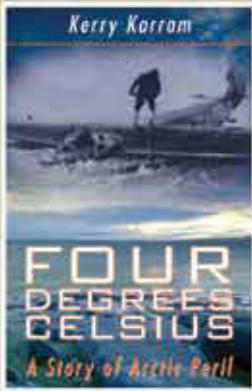


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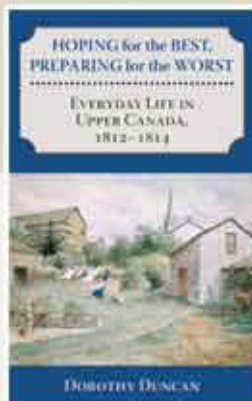
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REVIEWS



FOUR DEGREES CELSIUS *A Story of Arctic Peril* by Kerry Karram

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career in the 1950s. Her program was advertised as being aimed at modern homemakers, and Gould told “about the exciting world beyond your kitchen sink.”

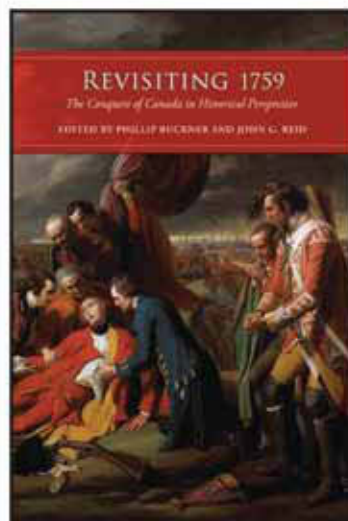
Meindl, also a freelance writer, spent hours listening to her grandmother’s stories. Through her research, she learned how thin was the

veneer her grandmother chose to reveal.

Meindl writes of her own journey as she sorted through her grandmother’s papers. *Outside the Box* offers a picture of Mona Gould as a vibrant woman trying to thrive and survive as a writer in the twentieth century.

— **Beverley Tallon** ●

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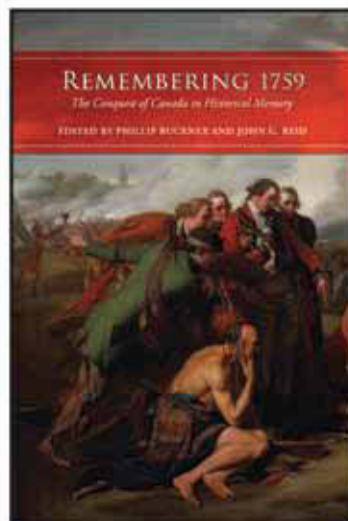
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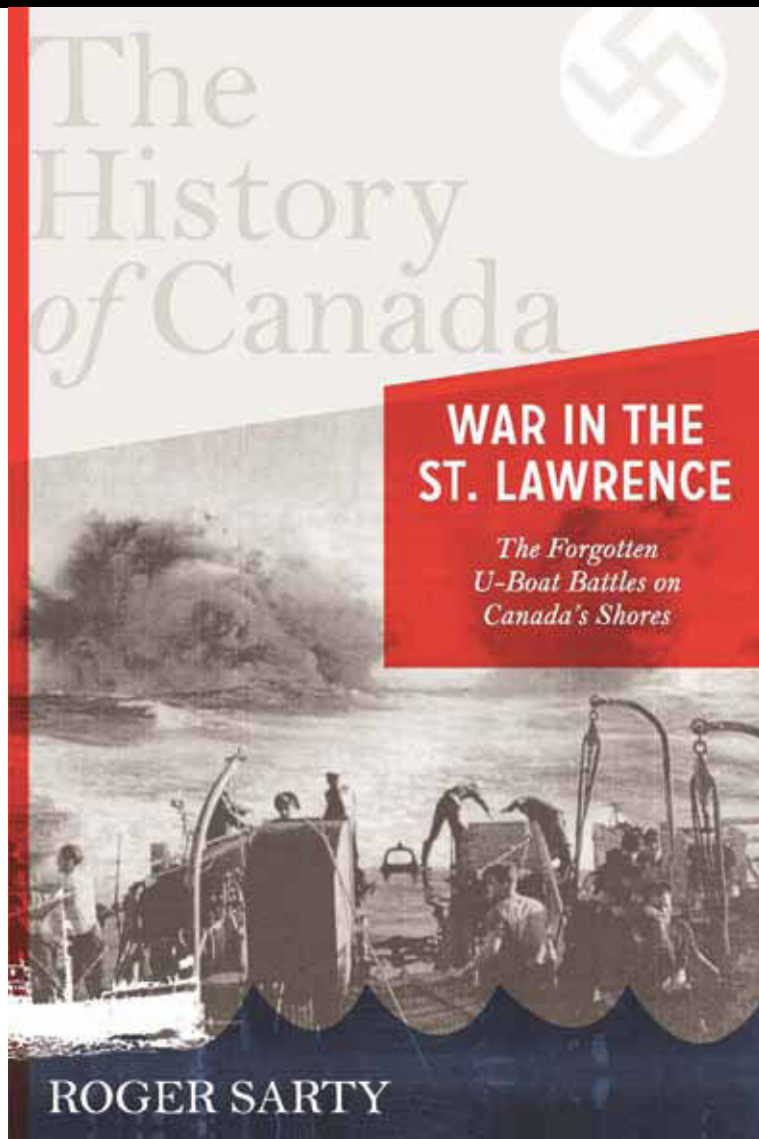
Cecilia Morgan, *University of Toronto*
9781442612518 | \$29.95



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Under the Sea

For three years during the Second World War, Canadian forces fought off German submarines in the only major combat to occur within Canada's boundaries during the twentieth century. Between 1942 and 1944, more than two dozen Allied ships were destroyed in and around the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

In his new book, *War in the St. Lawrence: The Forgotten U-Boat Battles on Canada's Shores*, naval historian Roger Sarty argues that Canadian forces were able defenders, despite the considerable chal-

lenges they faced. Sarty uses newly available research materials, including once top-secret transcripts of intercepted German communications, to tell the story of the often-intense fighting that took place within Canadian waters.

On May 5, 1942, Korvettenkapitän Karl Thurmman was given freedom to patrol along the east coast of North America. "The Canadians had long expected a German attack," Sarty notes. Yet not even the German U-boat command knew that Thurmman had decided to take his vessel, U-553, into the Gulf.

First Blood in the Gulf

by Roger Sarty

At about daybreak on May 9, an observer onshore at Cape Ray, the southwest extremity of Newfoundland, reported a westbound submarine. It was a false report. U-553 had passed the vicinity of Cape Ray at midday the day before, well out in the centre of the Cabot Strait, far beyond visual range of land and under the cover of poor weather. Nevertheless, the report, against all odds, led to firm contact with the U-boat. The air force took the sighting report seriously and ordered a search, even though the information grew stale as bad weather prevented flying for nearly thirty-six hours. Finally, on the afternoon of May 10, two bombers, a Royal Canadian Air Force Douglas B-18 and a U.S. Army Air Corps Boeing B-17, took off from Gander.

Weather conditions were still marginal over the Gulf. As the American aircraft reached its patrol area south of the eastern part of Anticosti Island, cloud forced the bomber down to an altitude of ninety metres. They were in luck. Although such a low patrol altitude gives a limited arc of visibility over the water, the co-pilot/observer sighted the surfaced submarine about nine kilometres away. The pilot increased speed to 342 kilometres per hour in the two-minute approach, swooping down to fifteen metres off the surface to release three depth bombs, about twelve seconds after the submarine crash-dived.

The explosions seemed on target, and as the aircraft circled for three quarters of an hour after the attack, the crew sighted debris on the surface, convincing them that they had destroyed the intruder. Although the U.S. Army command at Gander immediately reported the attack, it did not release any details until after the returning crew had all been debriefed. That decision, which the U.S. commander claimed was Army policy, left Canadian authorities in the dark.

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THE BEST PLACE TO BE EXPO 67 AND ITS TIME

For six months in 1967, Canada's world's fair, Expo 67, became the focus of national and international attention in a way the country and its people had rarely experienced. For many Canadians, it became a touchstone, a popular event that penetrated the collective psyche. Celebrate Expo's 45th anniversary this year with *The Best Place to Be*, a look at Expo and at the social and political contexts in which it occurred.

General Editors: Margaret MacMillan
and Robert Bothwell



ALLEN LANE
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Much more often than not, U-boat sighting reports in the fogbound, flotsam-filled waters on the Canadian east coast proved to be false, and early details of a contact were essential to determine its possible veracity. Air Vice-Marshal C.M. McEwen, air officer commanding the RCAF's 1 Group in Newfoundland, did not finally get these details that confirmed the presence of a submarine until the afternoon of the eleventh, some twenty-four hours after the attack. "I had to extract the information myself," he complained. ...

Despite the Canadian forces' long-held expectations of the arrival of U-boats in the Gulf, *U-553* had achieved tactical surprise by coming in on the heels of the retreating ice. At snowbound Gaspé, Quebec, there was still "heavy ice" in the harbour on May 7, which did not clear until the tenth; work on laying the anti-submarine nets began only on the eighteenth, and the port was not scheduled to be ready for operations until the end of May.

One important, though temporary, naval defence measure was in place. As *U-553* made its way into the Gulf searching for outbound shipping, outbound vessels were sailing in the first trial "escorted group." The group had passed around the Gaspé Peninsula and into the central Gulf on the night of May 9–10 and, by the time of the American attack, was clear to the east of the submarine's westbound track.

The escorts, the corvette *La Malbaie* and the Bangor-class minesweeper *Granby*, had just been completed at St. Lawrence shipyards, and it was their availability for passage to Halifax for final fitting out that occasioned the first group sailing. On the afternoon of May 9, the two escorts had arrived from Quebec City at Father Point, near Rimouski, where four waiting Halifax-bound merchant ships fell in behind the warships.

Aboard the escorts, the crews had been struggling to complete equipment trials in the last hours before the rendezvous, and *La Malbaie*, during the Gulf passage, discovered defects in its steering gear. Although the improvised nature of the group sailing underscored the extent to which the hard-pressed Royal Canadian Navy had to scrape the bottom of the barrel, the gathering of outward-bound merchant ships into this group accounts for *U-553* commander Karl Thurmman's inability to find merchant ships during the first three days of his passage into the Gulf. ...

After the attack by the American aircraft on the tenth, Thurmman had run submerged

during the daylight hours, but he was able to surface and move at speed at night. By the time he surfaced at 9:00 p.m. on the evening of May 11, he was well up the north shore of the Gaspé Peninsula in the estuary of the St. Lawrence River. In this area, the channel between the peninsula and western Anticosti Island is some seventy-five kilometres wide. He kept about fifteen kilometres offshore in the outbound shipping lane, the southern half of the passage.

His timing was perfect. No new-construction naval vessels were available at Quebec City to organize another escorted group sailing of merchant ships following the trial group with *La Malbaie* and *Granby*, so cargo vessels had then departed independently, one by one as they completed loading, creating the stream of unprotected targets Thurmman had hoped to find.

After surfacing off the Gaspé shore on the evening of May 11, the submarine commander sighted a small coastal freighter too small to be worth an attack. He then encountered a substantial vessel, the British merchant ship *Nicoya*, which had sailed from Montreal on May 10 en route for Halifax to join a convoy for Liverpool, England. On board were seventy-seven crew and ten passengers. ...

Thurmman, on that misty moonless night, was able to close to only four hundred metres without anyone on the big freighter catching even a glimpse. The first torpedo hit the after part of the ship at 11:52 p.m. and then, nineteen minutes later, at 12:11 a.m. on May 12, a second "[c]oup de grace" hit amidships, and the vessel slipped under the surface just four minutes later.

Immediately after the first hit, the *Nicoya's* captain, Ernest Henry Brice, "signalled to the engine room for all hands to come on deck" to ensure that the men most at risk in the depths of the hull were not lost. Of the four lifeboats, only two got away; one had been destroyed in the first torpedo attack, and a second, according to a crew member, broke against the ship's side, presumably because it caught against the canted hull of the sinking freighter while being lowered. The occupants of one lifeboat reported seeing the submarine only thirty metres away: "It was huge. Big enough to carry a plane." ●



From *War in the St. Lawrence: The Forgotten U-Boat Battles on Canada's Shores* by Roger Sarty. Copyright Roger Sarty, 2012. Reprinted with permission of Allen Lane Canada.



The Vimy Monument, unveiled in 1936, bears the names of the 11,285 Canadian soldiers who died during the April 9–12, 1917, Battle of Vimy Ridge.

REMEMBERING VIMY

For thousands of Canadian students, a pilgrimage to Vimy Ridge proves unforgettable. Story and photos by Mark Reid

I could begin with the dignitaries, or the speeches, or the pomp and ceremony that came with the commemoration of the ninety-fifth anniversary on April 9 of Canada's greatest World War I victory.

But if you wanted to witness the real power of Vimy Ridge, then you needed to have been at the Canadian memorial in France hours earlier.

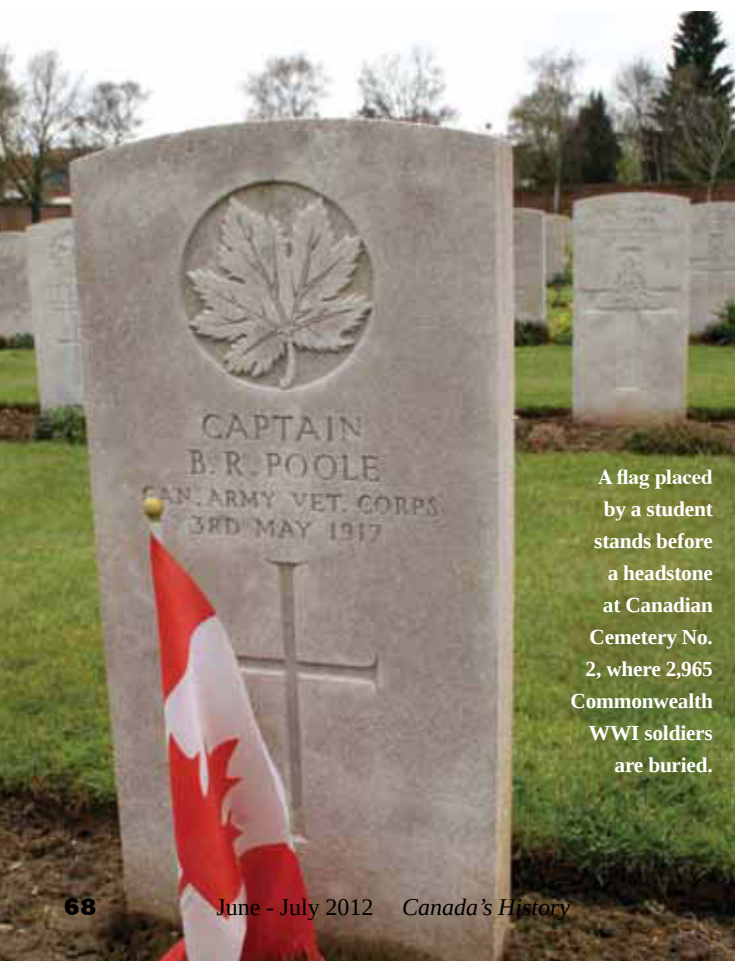
There, standing with a group of his pals, was Robert

Sweeny of R.D. Parker Collegiate School in Thompson, Manitoba.

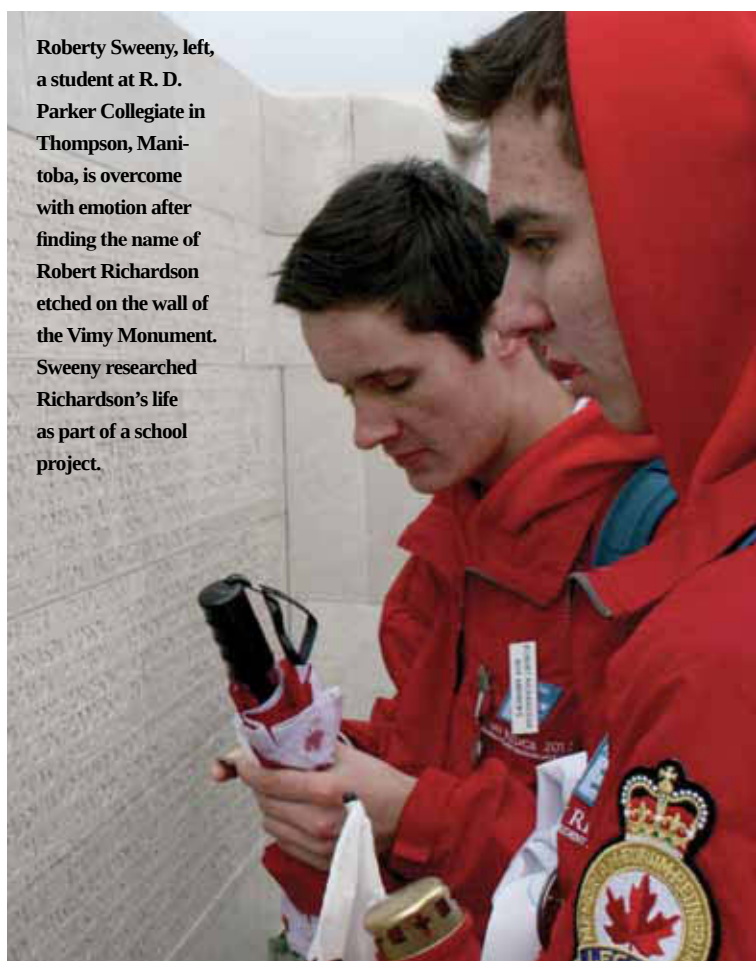
The teenager was pointing at a spot on the monument's wall, and tears were welling in his eyes. As he reached out to touch the name of Robert Richardson — one name among 11,285 etched in the limestone of the Vimy Monument — he reached across the decades and was, for that brief moment, united with a young man who gave his life so that Robert and his chums



Canadian students brave rain and high winds as they parade past the Vimy Monument at Vimy Ridge on April 12, 2012. More than four thousand students took part in the march.



A flag placed by a student stands before a headstone at Canadian Cemetery No. 2, where 2,965 Commonwealth WWI soldiers are buried.



Roberty Sweeny, left, a student at R. D. Parker Collegiate in Thompson, Manitoba, is overcome with emotion after finding the name of Robert Richardson etched on the wall of the Vimy Monument. Sweeny researched Richardson's life as part of a school project.

"He was just twenty-five years old," Sweeny said, his voice choking with emotion. "He never had a grave. They never found his body."

At first, he admitted, it had seemed like just another assignment. But not anymore. Not after tracing his fingers over Richardson's name. Not after seeing the territory Richardson had fought and died for. Not after personally bearing witness to his sacrifice.

"I just wanted to be here, to touch the wall and let him know that he's not alone," Sweeny said under darkened skies and drizzling rain. "I'm so glad I'm here, so that someone knows he fought in the battle."

For students like Sweeny, the Vimy anniversary event on April 9 was the culmination of months of research and then a week's worth of travelling the battlefields of France and Belgium with EF Educational Tours.

The students and their teachers visited sites such as Beaumont-Hamel, France, where the Newfoundland Regiment was virtually wiped out in a single attack during the Battle of the Somme in 1916.

They also went to the Menin Gate in Ypres, Belgium, where each night a last post ceremony is held to pay tribute to the thousands of soldiers — including many Canadians — who died trying to free the Ypres Salient from the Germans.

Central to the tour was the commemoration of the Battle of Vimy Ridge.

In Canada, Vimy has taken on mythic proportions — it's the place where some say our nation was born.

The battle was certainly a major moment in our military history. On April 9, 1917 — for the first time in World War I — four Canadian divisions fought together as a cohesive formation. By April 12, they had achieved a key victory over the Germans. Because of Vimy, and other Canadian successes and sacrifices,

The 1917 assault on Vimy had taken place during a snowstorm. The students' 2012 pilgrimage wasn't as cold, but the weather was almost as miserable. With temperatures hovering around seven degrees, the students faced constant rain and high winds.

Gathering in the morning at the Givenchy-en-Gohelle, four thousand students, teachers, and members of

As we walked along a narrow road, the Vimy Monument towered in the distance.

For many of the students, this was the first time they had seen it. Earlier, I had stood at the top of Vimy Ridge and looked out at the stunning panorama of the surrounding countryside.

No wonder it was such a prized target for the Allies. So long as the Germans

We remember the 1972 Summit Series through the eyes — and pen — of “Aislin” of the *Montreal Gazette*.

In the early days of Canada's national parks, managing wildlife meant killing most predators.

by Alan MacEachern.

Historical re-enactors go to great lengths to recreate the key battles of the war.
by Nelle Oosterom.





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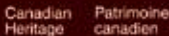
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A wreath placed at Canadian Cemetery No. 2 bears the photo of a Canadian soldier killed less than two weeks after the ridge was captured.

were dug into the ridge, they could pummel Allied forces with their heavy guns.

Emily Landry, a Grade 12 student at Sackville High School in Nova Scotia, was among the marchers. As we walked together, she struggled to find the words to describe what she was feeling. "I have never felt more proud than I do today," she said finally.

As local residents cheered the students, the procession wended its way past the memorial toward the nearby Canadian Cemetery No. 2 at Neuville-St. Vaast. It's the final resting place of 2,965 Commonwealth soldiers — including 695 Canadians — who fought in the region.

Entering the cemetery two at a time, the students lined up in front of the headstones.

Many of the grave markers simply say, "a soldier of the Great War," because officials were never able to ascertain the

identities of the men buried beneath them.

You can tell the Canadian graves by the maple leaf carved into each headstone. Many of those graves are decorated with miniature Canadian flags.

During a special ceremony, the students lit candles and, carefully protecting the flickering flames from wind and rain, read the "Commitment to Remember," an invocation recited at war memorial services:

*They were young, as we are young,
They served, giving freely of themselves.
To them, we pledge, amid the winds of time,
To carry their torch and never forget.
We will remember them.*

After the ceremony, I walked to where the students and dignitaries had placed wreaths for the fallen. It was there that one wreath in particular caught my eye.



Governor General David Johnston speaks at a commemoration event at Vimy Ridge marking the 95th anniversary of the battle.

On it, someone had pinned the photo of a handsome young soldier. Reading the inscription beneath it, I learned that the young man was Private George Russel McGougan of the 47th Infantry Battalion. Born in 1892, he died fighting for his country — and his mates — on August 22, 1917. Beneath his photo were the following words: “Lovingly remembered by the McGougan family, Prince Edward Island, Canada.”

Reading that simple message, I was momentarily overcome. I had lived for a time in Prince Edward Island and met many good people there. I’m sure McGougan’s entire hometown would have felt his loss in 1917. Canada was much smaller then — a country of only eight million people that suffered 66,000 war deaths and another 172,000 wounded. No community escaped unscathed.

What strikes me now — ninety-five years after the Battle of Vimy Ridge —

is this: No matter how many years pass, the war will remain real to Canadians as long as they continue to make it real. This was a war fought by neighbours and by friends, family and loved ones. Entire towns of pals signed up together, because none could fathom leaving their mates to face the foe alone.

As Governor General David Johnston spoke during the commemoration ceremony — as he mentioned words like sacrifice, freedom, and nation-building — our proud group of Canadians, young and old, stood together in the driving rain and bitter wind to share the truth of Vimy Ridge.

And the truth is this: This land is not French. Not any more. Once a part of France, it was bought for us ninety-five years ago, paid for in blood. And so it shall remain ours, so long as we are willing to reach out, like young Robert Sweeny, and touch the fallen. ❌



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Shannon Prince, curator of Ontario's Buxton National Historic Site and Museum, displays shackles once used to bind slaves.



ALAN G. LUKE

Road to freedom

A journey of discovery along southwestern Ontario's Black Heritage Route. by Alan G. Luke

Shannon Prince stood surrounded by a class of attentive elementary school children. "Hold your hands out please," she told the group. Anticipating a treat, they eagerly obliged. Prince, a descendant of escaped slaves, carefully lowered hefty chains and shackles across their upturned palms.

"Do you think you could run and play wearing these?" she asked them. The children gazed at one another in bewilderment.

"Wow, kids put these on?" exclaimed one girl who stood with her mouth agape, feeling the burden of the weight. Yes, said Prince, explaining that slavery had affected all ages.

Prince is the curator of the Buxton National Historic Site and Museum, located in Buxton, about 125 kilometres southwest of London, Ontario. Originally named Elgin and established in 1849, the commu-

nity was the last stop on the Underground Railroad for hundreds of fugitive slaves.

As a sixth generation descendant of slaves, Prince displays a genuine passion for the community's founder, Reverend William King. The Irish-born King came to America in 1833 and married into a slave-owning family in Louisiana. He established the community after inheriting fifteen slaves and moving them to Canada so that they could be free.

Buxton remains one of the few African-Canadian settlements from the pre-Civil War era still in existence. The schoolhouse, an 1852 cabin, two churches, a cemetery, a barn, and museum are part of the historic site.

The museum includes a printing press used by Mary Ann Shadd (1823–93), the first black woman known to have edited a North American newspaper. The eldest

of thirteen children, Shadd became a lawyer and anti-slavery crusader. Her father, Abraham Doras Shadd, was a conductor on the Underground Railroad and one of the first black Canadians elected to political office.

Buxton is a key stopping point on what is known as southwestern Ontario's Black Heritage Route. The route celebrates the history of the Underground Railroad, which was an informal network of secret routes and safe houses used to help as many as 100,000 Blacks escape slavery and oppression in the southern United States in the nineteenth century. About 30,000 came to Canada.

The route starts at Amherstburg, south of Windsor, where many Blacks crossed the Detroit River into Canada. Some even swam across the river with all their worldly possessions.

Amherstburg is home to the North American Black Historical Museum. The museum complex includes a cultural centre, artifacts, research materials, and historic structures, such as the Nazrey African Methodist Episcopal Church, designated as a National Historic Site.

Annual homecoming celebrations — to be held on August 11–12 this summer — feature a parade, events, exhibits, an historical re-enactment, and a genealogy conference. There will also be a War of 1812 bicentennial event August 3–5.

Just less than one hundred kilometres northeast of Amherstburg is Chatham, another major stop on the Black Heritage Trail. Chatham is where major league pitcher Ferguson Jenkins, a Black-Canadian, was born in 1942. Jenkins became the first Canadian to be inducted into the National Baseball Hall of Fame in 1991. Ferguson Jenkins Field in Chatham's Rotary Park is named after him.

First Baptist Church on Chatham's King Street is where abolition activist John Brown held clandestine meetings in 1858 to recruit Blacks for a guerilla war against slavery. His raid on the federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, in 1859 resulted in his arrest and execution as a traitor and contributed to the outbreak of the American Civil War (1861–65).

Nineteen kilometres north of Chatham lies the town of Dresden, formerly the Dawn settlement. This is the location of Uncle Tom's Cabin Historic Site, which offers interpretive videos, exhibits, artifacts, and tours. It was here that Reverend Josiah Henson, a fugitive slave, co-founded the British American Institute, one of Canada's first industrial schools.

The site includes Henson House and four other historic structures. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was based on Josiah Henson's 1849 autobiography. The famous novel was published

in thirty-seven languages and outsold the Bible the year it was released.

The book increased awareness of the brutality of slavery. U.S. President Abraham Lincoln described the book as a catalyst for the American Civil War.

During the Civic Holiday in August, Dresden holds annual Heritage Day celebrations featuring people in period costumes, pioneer activities, games, and stories.

The most northern terminus on the Underground Railroad was Owen Sound, about 340 kilometres northeast of Dresden. This summer the community holds the 150th annual Owen Sound Emancipation Festival, which also takes place on the August long weekend.

"The festival is a testament to the city's multicultural roots and the importance placed on it by the Black community, many of whom can claim that they're descendants of slaves," explained festival chairman Blaine Courtney. 📍



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Peace in their time



Janette Kasperski's mother, Rose Elsegood, was only thirteen when the Nazis were defeated, but she remembers being let out of school early when VE day was announced. She walked four blocks to her residence at 42 Ellsworth Avenue, Toronto, and all along the way people were celebrating.

Elsegood's older sister Dorothy remembers being let out of work early, too, and stopping at City Hall Square to celebrate with a crowd of people before she went home.

When all six sisters got home, their uncle had the family — in-laws and nephew included — gather on the front lawn for

a photo. Dorothy's future husband, John Taylor — who always seemed to have a camera — took the photo.

Rose and Dorothy are holding a newspaper that reads, "Peace is here, Nazis give up." The news was especially important for sister Evelyn (far right), whose husband was overseas at the time.

Something seemed to have caught the eye of Elsegood's nephew, young David Carthew (centre), and he doesn't look too happy about it. Perhaps there's a much rowdier celebration going on across the street. 📷

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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